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SEA SONGS

AND BALLADS.

BY DIBDIN AND OTHERS.

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a.c.

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TO

THE SAILORS OF BRITAIN,

THIS COLLECTION OF SONGS,

WHICH RECORDS THEIR GENEROSITY AND

FEARLESSNESS, AND CELEBRATES

MANY OF THEIR GLORIES,

IS INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

THE sea songs of Charles Dibdin are an inheritance which the nation will never, it is to be hoped, undervalue. Whatever form naval warfare may hereafter assume, however the technicalities of the maritime profession may be altered, the spirit of the British seaman will be unchanged, as we trust it is unchangeable. He will be the same hearty, fearless, generous, and simple being, that Dibdin describes him. He will love his country and his flag with the same ardour, reverence his ship in the same way, whether it is propelled by wind or steam, and adore his "bonny Kate" or "charming Nancy" in the same enthusiastic fashion. Dibdin's songs have done much to keep up the *esprit de corps* of our sailors, and they may yet do still more in perpetuating that chivalrous spirit which is so marked a feature in the profession of Nelson, Duncan, Jervis, and Blake. At this time they have a double value: first, as a means of preserving a sense of our old maritime honour, and second, as descriptive of the habits and feelings of those heroes who have won so much renown for the English flag. Not only, however, have they been

popular with seamen, but they have obtained a deep hold on the national heart. There are few who are not familiar with some, at least, of Dibdin's songs. Who has not heard of "Poor Tom Bowling?" Who knows not the song "'Twas in the good ship, the Rover," or that not less famous ditty "'Twas post meridian, half-past four?" These are some of the coruscations of Dibdin's genius, which are as familiar to the public as the pole-star is to the sailor, but many others are rarely heard of. To make them more widely known is the publishers' intention in the present volume, as well as to give them a sounder popularity by presenting them in a form attractive and portable. With Dibdin's songs are included many others, which are nearly as popular, though their merit may be placed lower. Dibdin is the Scott of sea-song writers, but there are individual cases in which a comparison may fairly be instituted with him. "The Arethusa" is conceived in the right spirit, and has the real ring about it. The famous song of Cunningham, "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," has the genuine taste of the "salt sea foam." Of Barry Cornwall's songs it is almost needless to speak; he is quite as successful with his sea songs as with his other lyrics, and fully as deservedly known. Of Campbell, too, it is not necessary to say a word. Modern sea songs, however, for the most part, have lost the spirit of the "old salt," and have transformed the sailor into a theatrical character. They are written more for the stage than for the forecastle, but many of them are included here, in order to make the series the most complete of any collection that has hitherto appeared. Some songs, too, will be found here, which may rather be called sailor's

songs than sea songs, a distinction which will readily be perceived. Many of them, indeed, reach a popularity which their authors do not share; hence it is that the names of the writers have not been given in every instance. In this respect, however, the collection has been made as complete as possible, and it is felt that the time of publication is appropriate, when the old and familiar features of our maritime supremacy are rapidly changing,—when, in fact, it has become a matter of national interest to present the British sailor as he was, before the shadow of the seaman as he may be, comes upon us. The sailor's welfare has always been a subject which lay near to the heart of the British nation, it will not now be more distant from it, when the perils and glories of a seaman's life are shared by a son of our beloved Queen.

It is but justice to acknowledge, with thanks, the courtesy of those authors who have aided this selection by permission to make extracts from their works.

London, *May*, 1863.

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Page 55, "Jack's Gratitude," line 1, *for* display, *read* dismay.
Page 253, "The Battle of La Hogue," line 1, verse 2, *for* Tournville, *read* Tourville.

SEA SONGS.

POOR JACK.

O patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water boat and good sea-room give me,
And it ain't to a little I'll strike:
Though the tempest topgallant-masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze every thing tight,
And under reef'd fore-sail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For, they say, there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why, 'twas all one to me as High Dutch:

But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
  Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things, that proved clearly to me
  That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
  Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
  To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry
  When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'lling and piping your eye?
  Why, what a d—d fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
  Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to Old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
  Why, you never will hear of me more:
What then? all's a hazard—come don't be so soft,
  Perhaps I may, laughing, come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
  To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
  All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
  From the moment the anchor's a trip;
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
  Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
  And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
  As for grief to be taken aback:
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft,
  Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

WAS in the good ship Rover
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touch'd British ground:
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But when we made Capo Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore:
She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, saved from Davy's locker,
We stood to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightning hailing
The horrors of the fight:
My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they'd eased my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled
To bring up in life's rear,

Although I am disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The King, God bless his royalty,
Who saved me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

THE signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollow,
Be one and all but firm, like me,
And conquest soon will follow.
You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand—
Thus, thus, boys! steady, steady!
Till right a-head you see the land,
Then, soon as we are ready,
The signal, &c.

Keep, boys, a good look-out, d'ye hear!
'Tis for Old England's honour;
Just as you brought your lower tier
Broadside to bear upon her,
The signal, &c.

All hands, then, lads, the ship to clear;
Load all your guns and mortars;
Silent as death th' attack prepare,
And, when you're all at quarters,
The signal, &c.

WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landsman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard;
But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air,
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing on Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the Line,
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shot sings through the air,
Bold Jack, &c.

THE GOOD SHIP THE KITTY.

SAIL'D in the good ship the Kitty,
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea,
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor—Yo, Yea!

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cried—"Now be constant to me!"
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor—Yo, Yea!

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she;
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her,
She's my best bower-anchor—Yo, Yea!

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lea,
The hope I with her should be harbour'd
Was my cable and anchor—Yo, Yea!

And yet, my boys, would you believe me?
I return'd with no rhino from sea;
Mistress Polly would never receive me,
So again I heaved anchor—Yo, Yea!

THE HEART OF A TAR.

YET though I've no fortune to offer,
I've something to put on a par;
Come, then, and accept of my proffer,
'Tis the kind honest heart of a tar.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,
Girls, be to my pleasure a bar,
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kisses,
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Besides, I'm none of your ninnies;
The next time I come from afar,
I'll give you a lap full of guineas,
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Your lords, with such fine baby faces,
That strut in a garter and star,
Have they, under their tambour and laces,
The kind honest heart of a tar?

I've this here to say now, and mind it,
If love, that no hazard can mar,
You are seeking, you'll certainly find it
In the kind honest heart of a tar.

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars' bridge used for to ply?
He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye.
He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily;
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal:
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom their gibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen,
As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He was plied by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smiled, and so straightway in love he did fall.
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before to-morrow;
Then how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare?

THE SAILOR.

HAT girl who fain would choose a mate
Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
May thank her lucky stars if fate
Should splice her to a sailor.
He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her;
Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
Would seek her honest sailor.

If she'd be constant, still his heart
She's sure will never fail her;
For, though a thousand leagues apart,
Still faithful is her sailor.
If she be false, still he is kind,
And, absent, does bewail her;
Her trusting as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless to the sailor.

A butcher can provide her prog,
Three threads to drink, a tailor;
What's that to biscuit and to grog,
Procured her by her sailor?
She who would such a mate refuse,
The devil sure must ail her;
Search round, and, if you're wise, you'll choose
To wed an honest sailor.

WHEN LAST FROM THE STRAITS.

HEN last from the Straits we had fairly
cast anchor,
I went, bonny Kitty to hail,
With quintables stored, for our voyage
was a spanker,
And bran new was every sail;
But I knew well enough how, with words sweet as
honey,
They trick us poor tars of our gold,
And when the sly gipsies have finger'd the money,
The bag they poor Jack give to hold.

So I chased her, d'ye see, my lads, under false colours,
Swore my riches were all at an end,
That I'd sported away all my good-looking dollars,
And borrow'd my togs of a friend.
O then, had you seen her! no longer "my honey,"
'Twas varlet, audacious, and bold; [money,
Begone from my sight! now you've spent all your
For Kitty the bag you may hold.

With that I took out double handfuls of shiners,
And scornfully bid her good bye;
'Twould have done your heart good, had you then
seen her fine airs,
How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh.
But I stood well the broadside; while jewel and honey
She call'd me, I put up the gold,
And bearing away, as I sack'd all the money,
Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

AT SEA.

IF tars of their money are lavish,
I say, brother, take this from me,
'Tis because we're not muck-worms, nor slavish,
Like lubbers who ne'er go to sea.
What's cunning, and such quivocation,
And them sly manœuvres to we?
To be roguish is no valuation
To hearties who plough the salt sea.

As for cheating—light-weights and short measures,
And corruption, and brib'ry, d'ye see,
They never embitter the pleasures
Of good fellows who plough the salt sea.
You've ashore, actions, writs, cesseraries,
And regiments of counsel to fee;
Jack knows not of such like vagaries—
We never trust lawyers at sea.

'Tis said that, with grog and our lasses,
Because jolly sailors are free,
Our money we squander like asses,
Which like horses we earn'd when at sea.
But let them say this, that, or t' other,
In one thing they're forced to agree,
Honest hearts find a friend and a brother
In each worthy that ploughs the salt sea.

THE VETERANS.

DICK DOCK, a tar at Greenwich moor'd,
One day had got his beer on board,
When he a poor maim'd pensioner from Chelsea saw;
And all to have his jeer and flout,
For the grog once in, the wit's soon out,
Cried, How, good master Lobster, did you lose your claw?
Was't that time in a drunken fray,
Or t'other, when you run away?
But hold you, Dick, the poor soul has one foot in the grave;
'Fore slander's wind too fast you fly;
D'ye think it fun?—you swab, you lie!
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

Old Hannibal, in words as gross,—
For he, like Dick, had got his dose,—
To try a bout at wrangling quickly took a spell;
If I'm a Lobster, master Crab,
By the information on your nab,
In some scrimmage or other, why they crack'd your shell:
And then, why, how you hobbling go
On jury-mast, your timber toe,
A nice one to find fault, with one foot in the grave;
But halt, old Hannibal, halt, halt!
Distress was never yet a fault,
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

If Hannibal's your name, d'ye see,
As sure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out, I owed my life to you;
Spilt from my horse once when 'twas dark,
And nearly swallow'd by a shark,
You boldly plunged in, saved me, and pleased all the crew;
If that's the case, then cease our jeers;
When boarded by the same Mounseers,
You, a true English lion, snatch'd me from the grave,
Cried, "Cowards, do the man no harm,
Damme don't you see he's lost his arm?"
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

Then broach a can before we part,
A friendly one, with all our heart:
And as we put the grog about, we'll cheerly sing,
At land and sea may Britons fight,
The world's example and delight,
And conquer every enemy of George our King:
'Tis he that proves the hero's friend,
His bounty waits us to our end,
Though crippled and laid up, with one foot in the grave;
Then tars and soldiers, never fear,
You shall not want compassion's tear;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board:
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love, well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night, when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,
Who teach us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink!
A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
Would have set them for pleasure agog;
And spite of the rules
Of the schools, the old fools
Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cried "Jack never be such a ninny
To drink." Says I, "Father, your health!"
So I pass'd round the stuff—soon he twigg'd it—
And it set the old codger agog;
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day, when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And, while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk—
I tipp'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which soon set his rev'rence agog;

And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me, there's nothing like drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave:
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en the valiant more brave.
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog—
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've constantly swigg'd it and swigg'd it,
And, damme! there's nothing like grog.

POOR TOM.

HEN farewell, my trim-built wherry!
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell!
Never more at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go,
Where, exposed to every danger,
Some friendly ball may lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering
With the news, my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry—Poor Tom!

MY POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE.

WAS, d'ye see, a waterman,
As tight and spruce as any,
'Twixt Richmond town
And Horselydown
I earn'd an honest penny;
None could of Fortune's favours brag
More than could lucky I,
My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in the sty.
With wherry tight
And bosom light
I cheerfully did row;
And, to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife
Like my Poll and my Partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
Folks far and near caress'd me,
Till, woe is me!
So lubberly,
The press-gang came and press'd me.
How could I all these pleasures leave,
How with my wherry part?
I never so took on to grieve,
It wrung my very heart.
But when on board
They gave the word
To foreign parts to go,
I rued the moment I was born,
That ever I should thus be torn
From my Poll and my Partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully
While on the billows rolling;
And, night or day,
Could find my way,
Blindfold, to the main-top bowling.
Thus all the dangers of the main,
Quicksands, and gales of wind
I braved, in hopes to taste again
The joys I left behind.
In climes afar,
The hottest war,
Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
In hopes these perils to relate,
As by my side attentive sate
My Poll and my Partner Joe.

At last it pleased his Majesty
To give peace to the nation,
And honest hearts
From foreign parts
Came home for consolation.
Like lightning (for I felt new life,
Now safe from all alarms)
I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
Lock'd in each other's arms!
Yet fancy not
I bore my lot
Tame, like a lubber—no!
For, seeing I was fairly trick'd,
Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
My Poll and my Partner Joe.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

IS said we vent'rous die-hards, when we
leave the shore,
Our friends should mourn,
Lest we return
To bless their sight no more;
But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can't understand,
Some die upon the ocean,
And some upon the land.
Then since 'tis clear,
Howe'er we steer,
No man's life's under his command;
Let tempests howl,
And billows roll,
And dangers press:
Of these in spite, there are some joys
Us jolly tars to bless,
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log,
The purser swops
Our pay for slops,
The landlord sells us grog:
Then each man to his station,
To keep life's ship in trim:
What argufies noration?
The rest is all a whim.

Cheerly, my hearts!
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolved to sink or swim;
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And dangers press;
Of these in spite, &c.

For all the world, just like the ropes aboard ship,
Each man's rigg'd out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip.
The shrouds, the stays, the braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears;
The halliards, sheets, and traces,
Still, as each passion veers,
And whim prevails,
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers,
Then let the storm
Heaven's face deform,
And dangers press;
Of these in spite, &c.

THE FLOWING CAN.

A SAILOR'S life 's a life of woe,
He works now late, now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro—
What then? he takes it cheerly;
Bless'd with a smiling can of grog,

If duty call,
Stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog:
The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish!
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head
The ponderous anchor fish;
For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man:
We sing a little, we laugh a little,
And work a little, and swear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
For Jack's to fear a stranger.
Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high:
Spite of the gale,
We hand the sail,
Or take the needful reef,
Or man the deck,
To clear the wreck,
To give the ship relief;
Though perils threat around,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man,
We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our fate is hard,
Though storms at sea thus treat us,
For coming home, a sweet reward,
With smiles our sweethearts greet us!
Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toast,
Her we love most,
And gaily sing and laugh:
The sails we furl,
Then for each girl
The petticoat display;
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms survey;
And then the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man:
We sing a little, &c.

CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.

JACK BINNACLE met with an old shipmate
That sail'd with him board of the Thunder,
And they talk'd of their pranks at a pretty round rate,
And made all the hearkeners wonder:
For though brave at sea, when you get him ashore,
A tar often turns out a ninny,
For now he must jog,
His leave's out with his grog;

Here, house! what's to pay? come sport us the score,
Hand us over the change for a guinea:
For a sailor's life is a roaring life,
He laughs while the winds and the waves are at strife,
So, safe on shore,
He can pay his score,
And sport the splendid guinea.

The landlord's sweet daughter now comes in his view,
Up to tars when they get into harbour;
Her shoes are morocco, her petticoat 's blue,
Her wig 's just come home from the barber:
Jack stares in her face with a whimsical phiz,
Reviews her, and looks like a ninny,
For each chalk on his score
She counts two or more,
He fix'd on her eyes, while she penetrates his,
And cheats him while changing his guinea:
For a sailor's life is a careless life,
He sings while the waves and the winds are at strife,
To be cheated on shore
While to pay his score
He sports the splendid guinea.

Here's two eighteen-pen'orths, that's five and a kick—
Three pen'orths of 'bacco a shilling,
For a sixpenny 'bacco-box, quite span and spick,
Half-a-crown, and a tizzy the filling:
Jack hears not a word, chucks her under the chin,—
Lord, how can you be such a ninny?
Let me reckon your score,—
For two sixpen'orths more,
Two hogs and three simons for what's to come in,
So there's three shillings out of a guinea:

For a sailor's life is a roaring life,
He whistles while billows and winds are at strife,
From the landlord's long shore,
For a five shilling score
To get three shillings out of a guinea.

Well, well, cries out Jack, you know figures and such,
I dare say your're right, mistress Moggy;
All my wonderment is we should tip off so much
In the time, and yet never get groggy:
But no sailor at toss-pot e'er yet play'd amiss,
Then he's cunning, and never a ninny;
Come, put round the grog,
For away we must jog,
So now, my dear girl, if you'll give me a kiss,
You may pocket your change for a guinea.
For a sailor's life is a careless life,
He minds neither billows nor winds at strife,
But pays his score
With spirit on shore,
And that's all the use of a guinea.

LOVELY POLLY.

A SAILOR'S love is void of art,
Plain-sailing to his port, the heart,
He knows no jealous folly:
'Tis hard enough at sea to war
With boist'rous elements that jar—
All 's peace with lovely Polly.

Enough that, far from sight of shore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
Still is he brisk and jolly:
And while carousing with his mates,
Her health he drinks—anticipates
The smiles of lovely Polly.

Should thunder on the horizon press,
Mocking our signals of distress,
E'en then dull melancholy
Dares not intrude:—he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The snowy arms of Polly.

SOUNDING THE BOWL.

IF, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,
You must very well know how to hand, reef, and steer;
Yet a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is found,
'Tis the tight little maxim to know how to sound;
Which a sailor can tell from a bay to a shoal,
But the best sort of sounding is sounding the bowl.

I've sounded at land, and I've sounded at sea,
I've sounded a-weather, and I've sounded a-lee—
I've sounded my quine at the randivoo-house,
And I've sounded my purse without finding a souse;
What then? we've a brother in each honest soul,
And sailors can ne'er want for sounding the bowl.

All men try for soundings, wherever they steer,
Your nabobs for soundings strive hard in Cape Clear—
And there is not a soul from the Devil to the Pope,
That could live but for sounding the Cape of Good Hope:
No fear, then, nor danger, our hearts shall control,
Though at sea we're in soundings, while sounding the bowl.

JACK AT THE OPERA.

AT Wapping I landed, and call'd to hail Mog;
She had just shaped her course to the play;
Of two rums and one water I order'd my grog,
And to speak her soon stood under weigh.
But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook,
Like a lubber so raw and so soft,
Half a George handed out, at the change did not look,
Mann'd the rattlings, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,
With many a coxcomb and flirt,
Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears,
I thought there'd been somebody hurt;
But the devil a bit—'twas your outlandish rips
Singing out with their lanterns of jaws;
You'd a swor'd you'd been taking of one of they trips
'Mongst the Caffres or wild Catabaws.

What's the play, Ma'am? says I to a good-natured tit,
The play! 'tis the uproar you quiz—
My timbers, cried I, the right name on't you've hit,
For the devil an *uproar* it is:
For they pipe and they squeal, now alow, now aloft,
If it wan't for the petticoat gear,
With their squeaking so *mollyish*, tender, and soft,
One should scarcely know ma'am from mounseer.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,
All springing and bounding so neat,
And spessiously curious one Madamaselle,—
Oh, she daintily handled her feet.
But she hopp'd, and she sprawl'd, and she spun round so queer,
'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me;
And so I sung out, Pray be decent, my dear,
Consider I'm just come from sea.

Ten't an Englishman's taste to have none of these goes,
So away to the playhouse I'll jog,
Leaving all your fine Bantums and Ma'am Parisoes,
For old Billy Shakspeare and Mog.
So I made for the theatre, and hail'd my dear spouse;
She smiled as she saw'd me approach;
And when I'd shook hands and saluted her bows,
We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

THE SAILOR'S SHEET ANCHOR.

SMILING grog is the sailor's best hope,
his sheet anchor,
His compass, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's care
cannot canker,
Though dangers around him
Unite to confound him,
He braves them and tips off his grog.
'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log,
The sailor's sheet anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend in trust
His prize money convey,
Who, to his bond of faith unjust,
Cheats him, and runs away:
What's to be done? He vents a curse
'Gainst all false hearts ashore;
Of the remainder clears his purse,
And then to sea for more.
There smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often swore
To know no other charms,
He finds when he returns ashore,
Clasp'd in a rival's arms:
What's to be done? He vents a curse
And seeks a kinder she;

Dances, gets groggy, clears his purse,
And goes again to sea.
To crosses born, still trusting there,
The waves less faithless than the fair;
There into toils to rush again,
And stormy perils brave—what then?
Smiling grog, &c.

GROG AND GIRLS.

A SAILOR and an honest heart,
Like ship and helm, are ne'er apart;
For how should one stem wind and tide
If t'other should refuse to guide?
With that she freely cuts the waves:
And so the tar,
When clashing waves around him jar,
Consults his heart, and danger braves
Where duty calls; nor asks for more
Than grog aboard, and girls ashore.

'Tis not a thousand leagues from home
More horrid than the billows' foam;
'Tis not that gentler is the breeze
In Channel than in distant seas—
Danger surrounds him far and near;
But honest tar,
Though winds and water round him jar,
Consults his heart, and scorns to fear;

The risks he runs endear him more
To grog aboard, and girls ashore.

'Tis not that in the hottest fight
The murderous ball will sooner light
On him than any other spot;
To face the cannon is his lot;
He must of danger have his share.
But honest tar,
Though fire and winds, and water jar,
Consults his heart and shakes off care;
And when the battle's heat is o'er,
In grog, aboard, drinks girl ashore.

THE CARFINDO.

THAT once was a ploughman, a sailor am now,—
No lark that aloft in the sky
Ever flutter'd his wings, to give speed to the plough,
Was so gay or so careless as I.
But my friend was a carfindo aboard a king's ship,
And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip;
And he talk'd of such things,
As if sailors were kings,
And so teazing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn;
I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ship;
When in danger there 's no door to creep out;
I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and flip,
But I did not like rocking about.
By-and-bye comes a hurricane,—I did not like that;
Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat,
Ah! cried I, who would roam,
That, like me, had a home?
Where I'd sow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep:
Where sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At last safe I land, and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found, by a friend, whom I ax'd for my kin,—
Father dead, and my wife run away.
Ah, who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame?
—Wives, losing their husbands, oft lose their good name.
Ah, why did I roam,
When so happy at home?
I could sow and could reap
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.
When so sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn—
Curse light upon the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why, if that be the case, said this very same friend,
And you be n't no more minded to roam,
Gi 's a shake of your fist, all your care 's at an end,
Dad 's alive, and your wife safe at home.

Stark staring with joy I leap'd out of my skin,
Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin.
Now, cried I, let them roam
Who want a good home;
I am well, so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep:
Once more shall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor shall any damn'd carfindo, nor the inconstant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

BONNY KATE.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,
When in the mizen-top his stand
Tom Clueline, taking, spied the land.
Oh, sweet reward for all his toil,
Once more he views his native soil—
Once more he thanks indulgent Fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eve,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.
"Oh, what avails," cried she, "my pain?
He 's swallow'd in the greedy main:
Ah, never shall I welcome home
With tender joy my honest Tom!"

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes.
A riband near his heart which lay,
Now see him on his hat display,
The given sign to show that Fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff, whose heights command
A prospect of the shelly strand,
While Kitty Fate and Fortune blamed,
Sudden with rapture she exclaim'd—
"But see, O Heaven! a ship in view,
My Tom appears among the crew;
The pledge he swore to bring safe home
Streams in his hat—'tis honest Tom!"

What now remains were easy told:
Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold;
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his king he stays at home;
Recounts each toil, and shows each scar,
While Kitty and her constant tar
With rev'rence teach to bless their fates—
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

JACK COME HOME.

JACK just come home, his pockets lined,
In search of Poll, his only pleasure,
To Pickle Stairs his course inclined,
In her fair lap to pour his treasure;
But scarce arrived at famed Rag Fair,
Where the keen Jew the clodpole fleeces,
His whistle turn'd into a stare
At, "Come, who'll buy my water-cresses?"

He starts, and trembles at the sound,
Which now is heard, and now obstructed,
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ear conducted:
"Zounds!" cried out Jack, "I know that phiz—
But then such togs—they're all to pieces!
Why, it can't be!—damme it is—
'Tis Poll a-bawling water-cresses."

And now she's in his arms, while he
Bids her relate Fortune's reverses;
The world finds faithless as the sea,
And loads false friends, in troops, with curses.
"They took," cried she, "my very bed;
The sticks they seized, and sold in pieces;
So to get a bit of honest bread,
I cries, Who'll buy my water-cresses?"

"Still art thou rich, my girl," cried Jack,
"And still shall taste each earthly pleasure;
Thou'rt true, though rags are on thy back,
And honour, Poll,'s a noble treasure.
In this gay tog-shop rigg'd so neat,
Ill-fortune from this moment ceases;"
This said, he scatter'd in the street
Basket, and rags, and water-cresses.

POOR SHIPWRECKED TAR.

ESCAPED with life, in tatters,
Behold me safe ashore;
Such trifles little matters,
I'll soon get togs galore:
For Poll swore, when we parted,
No chance her faith should jar,
And Poll's too tender-hearted
To slight a Shipwreck'd Tar.

To Poll his course straight steering,
He hastens on apace;
Poor Jack can't get a hearing—
She never saw his face.
From Meg, Doll, Sue, and Kitty,
Relief is just as far,
Not one has the least pity
For a poor Shipwreck'd Tar.

This, whom he thought love's needle,
Now his sad mis'ry mocks,

That wants to call the beadle
To set him in the stocks.
Cried Jack, this is hard dealing:
The elements at war
Than this had kinder feeling,
They spared the Shipwreck'd Tar.

But all their taunts and fetches
A judgment are on me;
I, for these harden'd wretches,
Dear Nancy, slighted thee.
But see, poor Tray assails me,
His mistress is not far,
He wags his tail and hails me,
Though a poor Shipwreck'd Tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him—
Oh, lesson for mankind!
'Tis one, cried she, I taught him;
For on my constant mind
Thine image, dear, was graven;
And now, removed each bar,
My arms shall be the haven
For my poor Shipwreck'd Tar.

Heaven and my love reward thee!
I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich;
All shall with pride regard thee—
Thy love shall so bewitch
With wonder each fond fancy,
That children, near and far,
Shall lisp the name of Nancy,
Who saved her Shipwreck'd Tar!

EACH BULLET HAS ITS COMMISSION.

WHAT argufies pride and ambition?
Soon or late death will take us in tow;
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come we must go.
Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,
The halter was made for the neck;
He that is now alive and lusty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain:
Poll cried, but her grief was soon over,
And then she got married again.
Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill-used by Bet Crocker,
And so took to guzzling the stuff,
Till he tumbled in Old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.
Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what argufies calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is a-peak?
Then drink, &c.

JACK RATLIN.

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, and steer;
No dangerous toil but he'd encounter
With skill, and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion; the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove:
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit;
Yet did he sigh—and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack regard:
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on the pendant-yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded,
Once more to view their native land,
Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings,
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh, fate! her death defaced the letter;
Instant his pulse forgot to move;
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heaved a sigh—and died for love!

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

'TWAS Saturday night, the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea;
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was lash'd a-lee;
The ample can adorn'd the board,—
Prepared to see it out,
Each gave the girl that he adored,
And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
(All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast)
I'd venture life and limb,
Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
With dauntless heart and stout,
So tight a vessel to command;
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll
Sailing in comely state,
Top-gan't sails set, she is so tall,
She looks like a first-rate;
Ah! would she take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better berth I'd wish to know;
Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat, and tight;
What joy so fine a ship to man,
She is my heart's delight!
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave ev'ry toil for such a wife;
Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
Till summon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For, in soft visions, gentle Sleep
Still push'd the grog about.

YO, HEAVE, HO!

THE boatswain calls, the wind is fair,
The anchor heaving,
Our sweethearts leaving,
We to duty must repair,
Where our stations well we know.
Cast off halliards from the cleets,
Stand by well, clear all the sheets;
Come, my boys!
Your handspikes poise,
And give one general huzza.

Yet sighing, as you pull away,
For the tears ashore that flow;
To the windlass let us go,
With yo, heave, ho!

The anchor coming now a-peak,
Lest the ship striving,
Be on it driving,
That we the tapering yards must seek,
And back the foretop-sail, well we know.
A pleasing duty! From aloft
We faintly see those charms, where oft,
When returning,
With passion burning,
We fondly gaze; those eyes that seem,
In parting with big tears to stream.
But come! lest ours as fast should flow,
To the windlass once more go,
With yo, heave, ho!

Now the ship is under weigh,
The breeze so willing
The canvass filling,
The press'd triangle cracks the stay,
So taught to haul the sheet we know.
And now in trim we gaily sail,
The massy beam receives the gale;
While freed from duty,
To his beauty
(Left on the lessening shore afar)
A fervent sigh heaves every tar;
To thank those tears for him that flow,
That from his true love he should go,
With yo, heave, ho!

A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

TO ask would you come for to go
How a true-hearted tar you'd discern,
He's as honest a fellow, I'd have you to know,
As e'er stept between stem and stern:
Let furious winds the vessels waft,
In his station amidships, or fore, or aft,
He can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;
But his joy and delight
Is on Saturday night
A drop of the creature to swig.

The first voyage I made to sea,
One day as I hove the lead,
The main-top-gallant-mast went by the lee,
For it blew off the devil's head;
Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,
While I, the foremost of the crew,
Soon could pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,

And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Was on Saturday night
A drop of the creature to swig.

There was Kit with a cast in his eye,
And Tom with a timber toe,
And shambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
All wounded a-fighting the foe:
Three lads, though crazy grown and crank,
As true as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;
But their joy and delight
Was on Saturday night
A drop of the creature to swig.

Then over life's ocean I'll jog,
Let the storm or the Spaniards come on,
So but sea-room I get and a skinful of grog,
I fear neither devil nor Don;
For I am the man that's spract and daft,
In my station amidships, or fore, or aft,
I can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,

And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Is on Saturday night
A drop of the creature to swig.

THE ANCHOR A-PEAK.

BE one of they sailors who think 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore of life there's a why;
That be Fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,
Our berths, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all;
That the stays and the braces of life will be found
To be some of 'em rotten, and some of 'em sound;
That the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

When astride on the yard the toplifts they let go,
And I com'd like a shot plump among 'em below,
Why I cotch'd at a halliard, and jump'd upon deck,
And so broke my fall, to save breaking my neck:
Just like your philosophers, for all their jaw,
Who, less than a rope, gladly catch at a straw;
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

Why now that there cruise that we made off the Banks,
Where I pepper'd the foe, and got shot for my thanks,
What then? she soon struck, and though crippled on shore,
And laid up to refit, I had shiners galore.

At length, live and looking, I tried the false main,
And to get more prize money got shot at again;
Thus the good we should cherish, &c.

Then, just as it comes, take the bad with the good,
One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of wood;
What's poison for one man's another man's balm,
Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm;
Some are rolling in riches, and some not worth a
souse,
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobscouse;
Thus the good we should cherish, &c.

LITTLE BEN.

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample
moon,
Reflected on the glittering lee,
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And scarce a ripple shook the sea;
When thus, for sailors, Nature's care,
What education has denied,
Are of strong sense, a bounteous share,
By observation well supplied.
While thus in bold and honest guise,
For wisdom moved his tongue,
Drawing from reason comfort's drop,
In truth and fair reflection wise,
Right cheerfully sung
Little Ben that kept his watch in the main-top.

Why should the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he weathers more,
From dangers on the roaring main,
Than lazy lubbers do ashore.
Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
Though roaring seas run mountains high,
All things are built with equal care,
First-rate or wherry, man or fly.
If there's a Power that never errs,
And certainly 'tis so—
For honest hearts what comforts drop,
As well as kings and emperors!
Why not take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main-top?

What though to distant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms?
The sweeter is my welcome home,
To blissful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps she on that sober moon
A lover's observation takes,
And longs that little Ben may soon
Relieve that heart which sorely aches.
Ne'er fear, that Power which never errs,
That guards all things below—
For honest hearts what comforts drop,
As well as kings and emperors!—
Will surely take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main-top.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to mèlancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

BEN BLOCK.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
That tears from a stone might provoke?
'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,
As honest as e'er biscuit broke:
His name was Ben Block, of all men
The most true, the most kind, the most brave;
But harsh treated by Fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more;
His heart was all kindness and love;
Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,
His nature had most of the dove;
He loved a fair maiden named Kate;
His father, to int'rest a slave,
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
Plunged him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues!—
A false friend his mild nature abused,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure, accused:—
That she never had truly been kind;
That false were the tokens she gave;
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
In the ocean a watery grave.

Too sure from the cankerous elf,
The venom accomplish'd its end;

Ben, all truth and honour himself,
  Suspected no fraud in his friend.
On the yard, while suspended in air,
  A loose to his sorrows he gave,—
Take thy wish, he cried, false, cruel fair,
  And plunged in a watery grave.

THE GIRL ASHORE.

THE tar's a jolly tar that can hand, reef, and steer,
  That can nimbly cast off and belay,
Who in darkest of nights finds each halliard and gear,
And dead reck'ning knows well and leeway:
  But the tar to please me
  More jolly must be,
He must laugh at the waves as they roar;
  He must rattle,
  And in battle
  Brave danger and dying,
  Though bullets are flying,
And fifty things more:
  Singing, quaffing,
  Dancing, laughing,
  Take it cheerily,
  And merrily,
And all for the sake of his girl ashore.

The tar's a jolly tar who his rhino will spend,
  Who up for a messmate will spring,

For we sailors all think he that's true to his friend
Will never be false to his king:
But the tar to please me
More jolly must be,
He must venture for money galore;
Acting duly,
Kind and truly,
And nobly inherit
A generous spirit,
A prudent one more:
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cheerily
And merrily,
And save up his cash for his girl ashore.

The tar's a jolly tar who loves a beauty bright,
And at sea often thinks of her charms,
Who toasts her with glee on a Saturday night,
And wishes her moor'd in his arms:
But the tar to please me
More jolly must be,
Though teased at each port by a score;
He must, sneering
At their leering,
Never study to delight 'em,
But scorn 'em and slight 'em,
Still true to the core:
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cheerily
And merrily,
And constant return to his girl ashore.

BEN BACKSTAY.

BEN BACKSTAY loved the gentle Anna,
Constant as purity was she,
Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.
One fatal morning saw them parting,
While each the other's sorrow dried,
They, by the tear that then was starting,
Vow'd to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful storm.
Alas, in vain!—the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, open'd wide;
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

The semblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, saved from the wreck.
In fervent hope, while Anna, burning,
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
The portrait came—joy turn'd to mourning—
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

BUXOM NAN.

THE wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
Unfurl'd was every flowing sail,
From toil released, when Dick of Dover
Went with his messmates to regale:
All danger's o'er, cried he, my neat hearts,
Drown care then in the smiling can,
Come, bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,
And first I'll give you buxom Nan.

She's none of those who are always gigging,
And stem and stern made up of art;
One knows a vessel by her rigging,
Such ever slight a constant heart;
With straw hat and pink streamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has she ran;
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my buxom Nan.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,
To see him stare when he came back,
The girls were all off of the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack:
Tant masted all, to see who's tallest,
Breastworks, top-ga'ant sails, and a fan;
Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballast;
Ah! still give me my buxom Nan.

None in life's sea can sail more quicker,
To show her love or serve a friend:

But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor;
This one word then, and there's an end;
Of all the wenches whatsomever,
I say, then, find me out who can,
One half so tight, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.

TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

JACK dances and sings, and is always content,
In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her;
His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent—
And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty he readily flies,
Where the winds the tired vessel are flinging,
Though sunk to the sea-gods, or toss'd to the skies,
Still Jack is found working and singing.

'Longside of an enemy, boldly and brave,
He'll with broadside on broadside regale her;
Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,
So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering Power while Jack puts his trust,
As Fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her;
Resign'd, still, and manly, since what must be must—
And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong, if danger should press,
And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave—
And this is a true English sailor.

SWIZZY.

IF, bold and brave, thou canst not bear
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear—
If while winds war, and billows roll,
A spark of fear invade thy soul—
If thou'rt appall'd when cannons roar—
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore;
There, like a lubber,
Whine and blubber,
Still for thy ease and safety busy,
Nor dare to come
Where honest Tom,
And Ned, and Nick,
And Ben, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,
And Bob, and Bill,
All weathers sing, and drink the swizzy.

If, shouldst thou lose a limb in fight,
She who made up thy heart's delight
(Poor recompense that thou art kind)
Shall prove inconstant as the wind—
If such hard fortune thou'dst deplore,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore;
There, like a lubber, &c.

If, pris'ner in a foreign land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man, thou trusted hadst, alone
All knowledge of thee should disown—
If this should vex thee to the core,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore;
There, like a lubber, &c.

JACK'S GRATITUDE.

'VE sail'd round the world without fear or display,
I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair,
I've been wounded, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd of my pay,
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

When in a French prison I chanced for to lie,
With no light from the heavens, and scarce any air,
In a dungeon, instead of in battle, to die,
Was dismal, I own, but I did not despair.

But, Lord, this is nothing—my poor upper works
Got shatter'd, and I was obliged to repair;
I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mong the Turks,
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,
Laid snug up my timbers, and never know care,
If the agent had not run away with the cash,
And so many brave fellows plunged into despair.

So coming 'longside of our bold royal tar
I told him the rights on't—for why should I care?
Of my wrongs, and my hardships, and wounds in the war,
And if how he would right me, I should not despair.

Says his highness, says he, such ill-treatment as thine
Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my care;
So now, blessings on him! sing out me and mine,
And thus British seamen should never despair.

So straightway he got it made into a law
That each tar of his rhino should have his full share,
And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,
For the duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

Then push round the grog, though we face the whole world,
Let our royal tar's pennant but fly in the air,
And the sails of our navy again be unfurl'd—
We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and despair.

BILL BOBSTAY.

IGHT lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so sightly
As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true;
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
The forecastle's pride, and delight of the crew!
But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters,
He went, though his fortunes were kind without end;
For money, cried Bill, and them there sort of matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour a friend?

There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
First plund'ring, then leaving the ship, like a rat,
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.
My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should rock her,
Though she roll in misfortune and pitch end for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out he can succour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, "Spite of their crosses,
And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
That sailors, at sea, earn their money like horses,
To squander it idly like asses ashore."

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they
measure,
By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

Why, what's all that nonsense they talk of, and pother,
About rights of man? What a plague are they at?
If they mean that each man to his messmate's a
brother,
Why, the lubberly swabs! every fool can tell that.
The rights of us Britons we know's to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.

FORETOP MORALITY.

TWO real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd,
And took a cheering drop:
I say, Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,
Of conduct what's your sort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port?

Cried Will, You lubber, don't you know?—
Our passions close to reef,
To steer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief:

These anchors get but in your power,
My life for't, that's your sort;
The bower, the sheet, and the best bower,
Shall bring you up in port.

Why then you're out, and there's an end,
Tom cried out blunt and rough;
Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough.
Who swabs his bows at others' woe,
That tar's for me your sort;
His vessel right a-head shall go
To find a joyful port.

Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,
Why, damme, what's my own distress?—
For others let me feel.
Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
To heaven, this is your sort,
A handkerchief's the best wet sail
To bring you safe to port.

THE BLIND SAILOR.

COME, never seem to mind it,
Nor count your fate a curse,
However sad you find it,
Yet somebody is worse.
In danger some must come off short,
Yet why should we despair?
For if bold tars are Fortune's sport.
Still are they Fortune's care.

Why, when our vessel blew up,
A-fighting that there Don,
Like squibs and crackers flew up
The crew, each mother's son.
They sunk,—some rigging stopp'd me short,
While twirling in the air;
And thus, if tars are Fortune's sport,
Still are they Fortune's care.

Young Peg of Portsmouth Common
Had like to have been my wife,
'Longside of such a woman
I'd led a pretty life:
A landsman, one Jem Davenport,
She convoy'd to Horn Fair;
And thus though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

A splinter knock'd my nose off,
My bowsprit's gone, I cries,
Yet well it kept their blows off,
Thank God, 'twas not my eyes.
Chance if again their fun's that sort,
Let's hope I've had my share:
Thus, if bold tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,
Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartridge burst, and douted
Both my two precious glims.
Why, then, they're gone, cried I, in short,
Yet Fate my life did spare;
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

I'm blind, and I'm a cripple,
  Yet cheerful would I sing
Were my misfortunes triple,
  Cause why?—'twas for my king.
Besides, each Christian I exhort,
  Pleased, will some pittance spare;
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
  They still are Fortune's care.

THE SHIPWRECK.

AVERT yon omen, gracious Heaven!—
  The ugly scud,
By rising winds resistless driven,
  Kisses the flood.
How hard the lot for sailors cast,
  That they should roam
For years, to perish thus at last
  In sight of home!
For if the coming gale we mourn
  A tempest grows,
Our vessel's shatter'd so and torn,
  That down she goes!

The tempest comes, while meteors red
  Portentous fly;
And now we touch old Ocean's bed,
  Now reach the sky!
On sable wings, in gloomy flight,
  Fiends seem to wait,
To snatch us in this dreadful night,
  Dark as our fate:

Unless some kind, some pitying Power
Should interpose,
She labours so, within this hour
Down she goes!

Bnt see on rosy pinions borne,
O'er the mad deep,
Reluctant beams the sorrowing morn,
With us to weep.
Deceitful sorrow, cheerless light—
Dreadful to think—
The morn is risen, in endless night
Our hopes to sink!
She splits! she parts!—through sluices driven
The water flows!
Adieu, ye friends! have mercy, Heaven!
For down she goes.

CONSTANCY.

THE surge hoarsely murm'ring, young
Fanny's grief mocking,
The spray rudely dashing as salt as
her tears;
The ship's in the offing, perpetually rocking,—
Too faithful a type of her hopes and her fears.
'Twas here, she cried out, that Jack's vows were so
many,
Here I bitterly wept, and I bitterly weep;
Here heart-whole he swore to return to his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that nods over the deep.

Ah! mock not my troubles, ye pitiless breakers;
Ye winds, do not thus melt my heart with alarms;
He is your pride and mine, in my grief then partakers,
My sailor in safety waft back to my arms.
They are deaf and ungrateful: these woes are too many;
Here, here will I die, where I bitterly weep:
Some true lover shall write the sad fate of poor Fanny,
On the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

Thus her heart sadly torn with its wild perturbation,
No friend but her sorrow, no hope but the grave;
Led on by her grief to the last desperation,
She ran to the cliff, and plunged into the wave.
A tar saved her life—the fond tale shall please many;
Who before wept her fate, now no longer shall weep;
'Twas her Jack, who, returning, had sought out his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

TACK AND HALF-TACK.

THE Yarmouth roads are right a-head,
The crew with ardour burning,
Jack sings out as he heaves the lead,
On tack and half-tack turning,
By the dip eleven!
Lash'd in the chains, the line he coils,
Then round his head 'tis swinging;
And thus to make the land he toils,
In numbers quaintly singing,

By the mark seven!
And now, lest we run bump ashore,
He heaves the lead and sings once more,
Quarter less four!
About ship, lads, tumble up there, can't you see?
Stand by, well; hark, hark; helm's a-lee!
Here she comes, up tacks and sheets, haul, mainsail haul,
Haul off, all!
And as the long-lost shore they view,
Exulting shout the happy crew;
Each singing, as the sail he furls,
Hey for the fiddles and the girls.

The next tack we run out to sea,
Old England scarce appearing;
Again we tack, and Jack with glee
Sings out, as land we're nearing,
By the dip eleven!
And as they name some beauty dear,
To tars of bliss the summit,
Jack joins the jest, the jibe, the jeer,
And heaves the ponderous plummet:
By the mark seven!
And now while dangerous breakers roar,
Jack cries, lest we run bump ashore,
Quarter less four!
About ship, lads, tumble up there, can't you see?
Stand by, well; hark, hark; helm's a-lee!
Here she comes, up tacks and sheets, haul, mainsail haul,
Haul off, all!
And as the long-lost shore, &c.

Thus tars at sea, like swabs at home,
By tack and tack are biass'd,
The furthest way about we roam,
To bring us home the nighest;
By the dip eleven!
For one tack more, and 'fore the wind,
Shall we in a few glasses,
Now make the land both true and kind,
To find our friends and lasses:
By the mark seven!
Then heave the lead, my lad, once more,
Soon shall we gaily tread the shore,
And a half four!
About ship, lads, tumble up there, can't you see?
Stand by, well; hark, hark; helm's a-lee!
Here she comes, up tacks and sheets, haul, mainsail haul,
Overhaul all!
And as the long-lost shore, &c.

BLEAK WAS THE MORN.

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor from her bosom tore:
To his fill'd heart a little Nancy pressing,
While a young tar the ample trousers eyed,
In need of firmness in this state distressing,
Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried,

Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain;
Sweet love, take heart,
For we but part
In joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when, leaning on that willow
Where the dear name of honest William stood,
Poor Nancy saw, toss'd by a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood:
Her tender heart with frantic sorrow thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
No longer could resist a stroke so killing,
'Tis he, she cried, nor shall I see him more.
Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
Sorrow's all my portion,
Misery and pain!
Break my poor heart,
For now we part
Never to meet again.

Mild was the eve, all nature was a-smiling
Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief,
When, with her children the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief!
Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon return'd to life, to love, and joy,
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
And now Will clasps his girl and now his boy.
Did I not say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how sweet!
For now we meet
Never to part again!

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky,
All was safe lash'd, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung:
A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily;
If winds can whistle, he can sing;
Still faithful to his friend and king;
He gets beloved by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

Down topsails, boys, the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the sail prepared,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard,
A sailor's life, &c.

A leak! a leak!—come, lads, be bold,
There's five foot water in the hold;
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And hark, while working at the pump,
A sailor's life, &c.

And see! the vessel nought can save—
She strikes, and finds a wat'ry grave!
Yet Ned preserved, with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign shore,
A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumber'd perils past
On land, as well as sea—at last,
In tatters to his Poll and home
See honest Haulyard singing come,
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,—
Poll swears she never saw his face!
He damns her for a faithless she,
And, singing, goes again to sea:
A sailor's life, &c.

THE TOKEN.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
His true-love's tokens overhaul'd:
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ so fair,
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,
Nancy the poet, Love the muse:
"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The storm—that like a shapeless wreck
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for sharks had given a feast,
And left the ship a hulk—had ceased;
When Jack, as with his messmates dear
He shared the grog, their hearts to cheer,

Took from his 'bacco box a quid,
And spelt, for comfort, on the lid,
"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The battle—that with horror grim
Had madly ravaged life and limb,
Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er;
When Jack to his companions dear
First paid the tribute of a tear;
Then, as his 'bacco-box he held,
Restored his comfort, as he spell'd,
"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The voyage—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward;
That brought each sailor to his friend,
Happy and rich—was at an end:
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore;
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried, and seized the willing maid,
"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

COME, all hands aboy to the anchor,
From our friends and relations to go:
Poll blubbers and cries, devil thank her,
She'll soon take another in tow.
This breeze, like the old one, will kick us
About on the boisterous main;
And one day, if Death should not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again.
With a will-ho, then pull away, jolly boys,
At the mercy of fortune we go;
We're in for 't, then damme what folly, boys,
For to be down-hearted, yo ho!

Our Boatswain takes care of the rigging,
More 'specially when he gets drunk;
The bobstays supply him with swigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk.
The studding-sail serves for his hammock,
With the clew-lines he bought him his call,
While ensigns and jacks in a mammock,
He sold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will-ho, &c.

Of the Purser this here is the maxim,—
Slops, grog, and provision he sacks:
How he'd look if you was but to ax him,
With the captain's clerk who 'tis goes snacks?

Oh, he'd find it another guess story,
That would bring his bare back to the cat,
If his Majesty's honour and glory
Was only just told about that.
With a will-ho, &c.

Our Chaplain's both holy and godly,
And sets us for heaven agog;
Yet to my mind he looks rather oddly,
When he's swearing and drinking of grog:
When he took on his knee Betty Bowser,
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cried I, Which is the way to heaven now, Sir?
Why, you dog, cried the Chaplain, her arms.
With a will-ho, &c.

The Gunner's a devil of a bubber,
The Carfindo can't fish a mast,
The Surgeon's a lazy land lubber,
The Master can't steer if he's ast;
The Lieutenants conceit are all wrapp'd in,
The Mates scarcely merit their flip,
Nor is there a swab, but the Capthin,
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.
With a will-ho, &c.

Now, fore and aft having abused them,
Just but for my fancy and gig,
Could I find any one that ill-used them,
Damme, but I'd tickle his wig.
Jack never was known for a railer,—
'Twas fun every word that I spoke,
And the sign of a true-hearted sailor
Is to give and to take a good joke.
With a will-ho, &c.

JACK AT GREENWICH.

WE tars are all for fun and glee,—
A hornpipe was my notion;
Time was I'd dance with any he
That sails the salt sea ocean.
I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
Back, forward, in the middle;
And roast the pig, and toe the heel,
All going with the fiddle;
But one day told a shot to ram,
To chase the foe advancing,
A splinter queer'd my larboard gam,
And, damme, spoilt my dancing.

Well, I'm, says I, no churlish elf,
We messmates be all brothers;
Though I can't have no fun myself,
I may make fun for others.
A fiddle soon I made my own,
That girls and tars might caper,—
Learnt Rule Britannia, Bobbing Joan,
And grow'd a decent scraper.
But just as I'd the knack on't got,
And did it pretty middling,
I lost my elbow by a shot,
And, damme, spoilt my fiddling.

So sometimes, as I turn'd my quid,
I got a knack of thinking,
As I should be an inwalid,
And then I took to drinking.

One day call'd down my gun to man,
To tip it with the gravy,
I gave three cheers, and took the can,
To drink the British Navy:
Before a single drop I'd sipp'd,
Or got it to my muzzle,
A langridge off my daddle whipp'd,
And, damme, spilt the guzzle.

So then I took to taking snuff,
'Cause how my sorrows doubled,
And pretty pastime 'twas enough,
D'ye see, when I was troubled.
But Fortune, that mischievous elf,
Still at some fun or other,—
Not that I minds it for myself,
But just for Poll and *mother*:
One day, while lying on a tack,
To keep two spanking foes off,
A broadside comes, capsizes Jack,
And, damme, knocks my nose off.

So in misfortune's school grown tough,—
In this same sort of knowledge,
Thinking, mayhap, I'd not enough,
They sent me here to college.
And here we tell old tales, and smoke,
And laugh, while we are drinking;
Sailors, you know, will have their joke,
E'en though the ship were sinking.
For I, while I get grog to drink,
My wife, or friend, or king in,
'Twill be no easy thing, I think,
Damme, to spoil my singing.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'TWAS post meridian, half-past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted.
At seven, while taughtening the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy!

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary.
I, little to their mirth inclin'd
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy!

And now arrived that jovial night
When every true-bred tar carouses;
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy!

Next morn a storm came on at four,
  At six the elements in motion
Plunged me and three poor sailors more
  Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
  For me—it may be only fancy—
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
  To snatch me from the arms of Nancy!

Scarce the foul hurricane had clear'd,
  Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd
  And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.
And now, while some loved friend or wife
  Like light'ning rush'd on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
  Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy!

At last—'twas in the month of May—
  The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. discover'd day
  And England's chalky cliffs together.
At seven up Channel how we bore,
  While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
  And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy!

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that, under sail,
  Spreads her white bosom to the gale,
    Sweet, oh! sweet the flowing can!
  Sweet to poise the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,

When the boatswain pipes the barge to man;
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But oh, much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan!

The needle, faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle time may rust, the squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise,
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd
For serving of a worthless friend,
And every creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen,—
None hail'd me, woman, child, or man;
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To mourn their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty, with a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze,—
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me dote on lovely Nan.

HAPPY JERRY.

I WAS the pride of all the Thames,
My name was Natty Jerry,
The best of smarts and flashy dames
I've carried in my wherry;
For then no mortal soul like me
So merrily did jog it,
I loved my wife and friend, d'ye see,
And won the prize of Dogget.
In coat and badge, so neat and spruce,
I row'd all blithe and merry,
And every waterman did use
To call me Happy Jerry.

But times soon changed, I went to sea,
My wife and friend betray'd me,
And in my absence treacherously
Some pretty frolics play'd me:
Return'd, I used them like a man,
But still 'twas so provoking,
I could not 'joy my very can,
Nor even fancy smoking;
In tarnish'd badge and coat so queer,
No longer blithe and merry,
Old friends now pass'd me with a sneer,
And call'd me Dismal Jerry.

At sea as with a dangerous wound
I lay under the surgeons,
Two friends each help I wanted found
In every emergence:

Soon after my sweet friend and wife
Into this mess had brought me,
These two kind friends who saved my life,
In my misfortune sought me:
We're come, cried they, that once again,
In coat and badge so merry,
Your kind old friends, the watermen,
May hail you Happy Jerry.

I'm Peggy, once your soul's desire,
To whom you proved a rover,
Who, since that time, in man's attire,
Have sought you the world over:
And I, cried t'other, am that Jack
(When boys) you used so badly,
Though now the best friend to your back,—
Then, prithee, look not sadly.
Few words are best—I seized their hands,
My grateful heart grew merry,
And now, in love and friendship's bands,
I'm once more Happy Jerry.

COMELY NED.

GIVE ear to me, both high and low,
And, while you mourn hard Fate's decree,
Lament a tale, right full of woe,
Of comely Ned that died at sea.
His father was a commodore,
His king and country served had he;
But now his tears in torrents pour
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sister Peg her brother loved,
For a right tender heart had she,
And often to strong grief was moved
For comely Ned that died at sea.
His sweetheart Grace, once blithe and gay,
That led the dance upon the lea,
Now wastes in tears the lingering day,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His friends, who loved his manly worth,
(For none more friends could boast than he,)
To mourn now lay aside their mirth
For comely Ned that died at sea.
Come then and join, with friendly tear,
The song that, 'midst of all our glee,
We from our hearts chant once a-year
For comely Ned that died at sea.

TOM TRUELOVE'S KNELL.

TOM TRUELOVE woo'd the sweetest fair
That e'er to tar was kind,
Her face was of a beauty rare,
More beautiful her mind.
His messmates heard, while with delight
He named her for his bride;
A sail appear'd—ah, fatal sight!—
For grief his love had died!
Must I, cried he, those charms resign,
I loved so dear, so well?
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

Break heart at once, and there's an end,
Thou all that heaven could give;
But, hold! I have a noble friend,—
Yet, yet for him I'll live.
Fortune, who all her baleful spite
Not yet on Tom had tried,
Sent news, one rough, tempestuous night,
That his dear friend had died:
And thou, too! must I thee resign,
Who honour loved so well?
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

Enough, enough, a salt-sea wave
A healing balm shall bring;
A sailor, you! cried one, and brave?
Live still to serve your king:
The moment comes—behold the foe—
Thanks, generous friend, he cried;
The second broadside laid him low—
He named his love, and died!
The tale, in mournful accents sung,
His friends, still sorrowing, tell
How sad and solemn three times rung
Tom Truelove's knell.

WHO CARES?

IF lubberly landsmen, to gratitude strangers,
Still curse their unfortunate stars,
Why, what would they say, did they tr
but the dangers
Encounter'd by true-hearted tars?

If life's vessel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack her,
Or whether bound here or bound there,
Give 'em sea-room, good fellowship, grog, and tobacker,
Well then, damme, if Jack cares where.

Then your stupid old Quidnuncs, to hear them all clatter,
The devil can't tell you what for,
Though they don't know a gun from a marlinspike, chatter
About and concerning of war:
While for king, wife, and friend, he's through every thing rubbing,
With duty still proud to comply,
So he gives but the foes of Old England a drubbing,
Why then, damme, if Jack cares why.

And then, when good fortune has crown'd his endeavours,
And he comes home with shiners galore,
Well, what if so be he should lavish his favours
On every poor object 'long shore?
Since money's the needle that points to good nature,
Friend, enemy, false, or true,
So it goes to relieve a distress'd fellow-creature,
Well then, damme, if Jack cares who.

Don't you see how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's twigging,
To take the command of a rib?
Some are all for the breast-work, and some for the rigging,
And some for the cut of her jib.

Though poor, some will take her in tow, to defend her,
And again, some are all for the rich;
As to I, so she's young, her heart honest and tender,
Why then, damme, if Jack cares which.

Why now, if they go for to talk about living,
My eyes—why a little will serve:
Let each a small part of his pittance be giving,
And who in this nation can starve?
Content's all the thing—rough or calm be the weather,
The wind on the beam or the bow,
So honestly he can splice both ends together,
Why then, damme, if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring-up, d'ye see, about dying,
On which such racket they keep,
What argufies if in a churchyard you're lying,
Or find out your grave in the deep?
Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling,
Death will bring us all up—and what then?—
So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling,
Why then, damme, if Jack cares when.

NANCY DEAR.

WHY should the sailor take a wife,
Since he was born to roam,
And lead at sea a wand'ring life,
Far from his friends and home?
When fate comes riding in the gale,
And dreadful hurricanes assail

The tar's astonish'd ear,
How could he resolution form,
How, whistling, mock the roaring storm,
But for his Nancy dear?

For battle should the ship be clear'd,
As death when all is still,
Save from some tar a murmuring's heard,
Who sighs, and makes his will:—
"My watch, my 'bacco pouch I give
To Tom for her, should I not live,
To my fond heart so near."
Nor could he smile, the fight grown hot,
And, whistling, mock the flying shot,
But for his Nancy dear.

When hissing flames now reach the sky,
Now in the ocean dip,
And, as to climb the shrouds they fly,
Grasp the devoted ship;—
How, while a yawning watery grave
(Sole chance from fire the crew to save)
Threats, could he calm appear?
How quit the vessel scarce afloat—
How, whistling, board the crowded boat,
But for his Nancy dear?

When shipwreck'd many leagues from home,
The remnant of the crew
Bewail some Dick, or Jack, or Tom,
Whom well they loved and knew:
And, while by strangers kindly fed,
Who, as they hear the story, spread

Their hospitable cheer—
How could he on such misery think,
Yet, whistling, put about the drink,
But for his Nancy dear?

And last, when hungry, faint, and sore,
Through danger and delay,
Forced, hard extreme! from door to door
To beg his vagrant way;
But see, his toils are all forgot;
Hark, hark! within her humble cot,
In accents sweet and clear,
She sings the subject of her pain,
He, whistling, echoes back the strain
He taught his Nancy dear.

MAGNANIMITY.

WHEN once the din of war's begun
That heroes so delight in,
Armies are conquer'd, cities won,
By bloodshed and brave fighting.
The trumpet sounds! the columns march,
Friends from dear friends are sunder'd;
Prepared is the triumphal arch,
And the fall'n foe are plunder'd.
All this, I own, deserves a name,
And truly in the rolls of fame
Pourtrays a marking feature:
Yet give me bravery from the heart,
From self divested, and apart,

Exceeding mortal nature,
That rushes through devouring waves,
And, like a guardian angel, saves
A sinking fellow-creature.

In equal balance to maintain
The barriers of each nation,
Thus ever did stern Fate ordain
Slaughter should thin creation.
The trumpet sounds! his native land
Each tries to save from slavery;
While in the contest, hand in hand,
Walk clemency and bravery.
All this, I own, deserves a name,
And stands in the records of fame,
A truly marking feature:
Yet give me bravery from the heart,
From self divested, and apart—
Type of celestial nature,
That rushes, &c.

JACK'S FIDELITY.

IF ever a sailor was fond of good sport
'Mongst the girls, why that sailor was I;
Of all sizes and sorts, I'd a wife at each port;
But when that I saw'd Polly Ply,
I hail'd her my lovely, and gov'd her a kiss,
And swore to bring up once for all,
And from that time Black Barnaby spliced us to this,
I've been constant and true to my Poll.

And yet now all sorts of temptations I've stood,
For I afterwards sail'd round the world,
And a queer set we saw of the devil's own brood,
Wherever our sails were unfurl'd:
Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk,
All ready one's heart to o'erhaul,
"Don't you go to love me, my good girl," said I,
"walk;
I've sworn to be constant to Poll."

I met with a squaw out at India beyond,
All in glass and tobacco-pipes drest;
What a dear, pretty monster! so kind and so fond,
That I ne'er was a moment at rest;
With her bobs at her nose, and her quaw, quaw, quaw,
All the world like a Bartlemy doll,
Says I, "You, Miss Copperskin, just hold your jaw;
I've sworn to be constant to Poll."

Then one near Sumatra, just under the line,
As fond as a witch in a play,
I loves you, says she, and just only be mine,
Or by poison I'll take you away.
"Curse your kindness," says I, "but you can't
frighten me,
You don't catch a gudgeon this haul,
If I do take your ratsbane, why then, do you see,
I shall die true and constant to Poll."

But I 'scaped from them all, tawny, lily, and black,
And merrily weather'd each storm,
And, my neighbours to please, full of wonders came
back,
But, what's better, I'm grown pretty warm.

And so now to sea I shall venture no more,
For, you know, being rich, I've no call;
So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty ashore,
And live and die constant to Poll.

THE SAILOR'S MAXIM.

OF us tars 'tis reported, again and again,
That we sail round the world, yet know nothing of men;
And if this assertion is made with a view
To prove sailors know nought of men's follies, 'tis true:
How should Jack practise treachery, disguise, or foul art,
In whose honest face you may read his fair heart?
Of that maxim still ready example to give,
Better death earn'd with honour, than ignobly to live.

How can *he* wholesome truth's admonitions defy,
On whose manly brow never sat a foul lie?
Of the fair born protector how virtue offend?
To a foe how be cruel? how ruin a friend?
If danger he risk in professional strife,
There his honour is safe, though he venture his life;
Of that maxim still ready, &c.

But to put it at worst, from fair truth could he swerve,
And betray the kind friend he pretended to serve,

While snares laid with craft his fair honour trepan,
May betray him to error—himself but a man;
Should repentance and shame to his aid come too
late,
Wonder not if in battle he rush on his fate:
Of that maxim still ready, &c.

ALL'S ONE TO JACK.

HOUGH mountains high the billows roll,
And angry ocean's in a foam,
The sailor gaily slings the bowl,
And thinks on her he left at home.
Kind love his guardian spirit still,
His mind's made up, come what come will;
Tempests may masts to splinters tear,
Sails and rigging go to rack,
So she loves him he loves so dear,
'Tis all one to Jack.

His friend in limbo should he find,
His wife and children brought to shame,
To everything but kindness blind,
Jack signs his ruin with his name;
Friendship the worthy motive still,
His mind's made up, come what come will;
The time comes round, by hell-hounds press'd,
Goods, clothes, and person go to rack;
But, since he succour'd the distress'd,
'Tis all one to Jack.

Once more at sea, prepared to fight,
(A friendly pledge) round goes the can;
And though large odds appear in sight,
He meets the danger like a man;
Honour his guardian spirit still,
His mind's made up, come what come will;
Like some fierce lion see him go
Where horror grim marks the attack,
So he can save a drowning foe,
'Tis all one to Jack.

And when at last (for tars and kings
Must find in death a peaceful home)
The shot its sure commission brings,
And of poor Jack the time is come:
Cheerful his duty to fulfil,
His mind's made up, come what come will;
The cannon's poised, from its fell jaws
A fatal shot takes him aback;
But since he died in honour's cause,
'Twas all one to Jack.

THE NANCY.

MAYHAP you have heard, that as dear as their lives
All true-hearted tars love their ships and their wives;
To their duty like pitch sticking close till they die,
And whoe'er wants to know it, I'll tell 'em for why:—

One through dangers and storms brings me safely
ashore,
T'other welcomes me home when my danger is o'er;
Both smoothing the ups and the downs of this life,
For my ship's call'd the Nancy, and Nancy's my
wife.

When Nancy my wife o'er the lawn scuds so neat
And so light, the proud grass scarcely yields to her
feet,
So rigg'd out and so lovely, 'tain't easy to trace
Which is reddest—her top-knot, her shoes, or her
face;
While the neighbours, to see her, forget all their
cares,
And are pleased that she's mine, though they wish
she was theirs.
Marvel not, then, to think of this joy of my life—
I my ship calls the Nancy, for Nancy's my wife.

As for Nancy my vessel, but see her in trim,
She seems through the ocean to fly and not swim:
'Fore the wind like a dolphin she merrily plays,
She goes anyhow well but she looks best in stays.
Scudding, trying, or tacking, 'tis all one to she,
Mountain high, or sunk low in the trough of the sea;
She has saved me from many hard squeaks for my life,
So I call'd her the Nancy, 'cause Nancy's my wife.

When so sweet in the dance careless glides my heart's
queen,
She sets out and sets in, far the best on the green;
So, of all the grand fleet, my gay vessel's the flower,
She outsails the whole tote by a knot in an hour.

Then they both sail so cheerful through life's varying
breeze,
All hearts with such pilots must be at their ease;
Thus I've two good protectors to watch me through
life,
My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

Then these hands from protecting them who shall
debar?
Ne'er ingratitude lurk'd in the heart of a tar;
Why, everything female from peril to save
Is the noblest distinction that honours the brave.
While a rag, or a timber, or compass I boast,
I'll protect the dear creatures against a whole host;
Still grateful to both to the end of my life—
My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

WOULDST know, my lad, why every tar
Finds with his lass such cheer?
'Tis all because he nobly goes
And braves each boisterous gale that blows,
To fetch, from climates near and far,
Her messes and her gear.
For this around the world sails Jack,
While love his bosom warms,
For this, when safe and sound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

Ere Poll can make the kettle boil
For breakfast, out at sea

Two voyages long her Jack must sail,
Encountering many a boisterous gale;
For the sugar to some western isle,
To China for the tea.
To please her taste, thus faithful Jack
Braves dangers and alarms;
While grateful, safe and sound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

Morocco shoes her Jack provides,
To see her lightly tread;
Her petticoat of orient hue,
And snow-white gown, in India grew;
Her bosom Barcelona hides;
Leghorn adorns her head.
Thus round the world sails faithful Jack,
To deck his fair one's charms;
Thus grateful, safe and sound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

TRUE COURAGE.

WHY, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a-wiping?
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way;
'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they that han't pity, why, I pities they:
Says the captain, says he, (I shall never forget it,)
"If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham,
'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,
But, duty appeased, 'tis in mercy a lamb.

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the Old One not caring,
Helter-skelter to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
Swearing he for his part had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe, why, he'd eat him alive:
But when that he found an old prisoner he'd wounded,
That once saved his life, as near drowning he swam,
The lion was tamed, and, with pity confounded,
He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I should rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all,—'tis the poor wounded stranger,
And the poorer the more I shall succour distress;
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam,
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more by compassion when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end;
And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend:
If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,—
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn;
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

BROTHER JACK.

IF the good old maxim's true,
That sons of Eve should all be brothers,
Tars have it to their hearts in view,
For their first good's the good of others;
Nay, Jack such narrow love derides,
'Midst every danger still contented,
He the whole family provides
With every good that Heaven invented;
And, leaving caution to the wind,
Risks every chance to serve mankind.

Away to India, cries the fair;
To Beauty's voice obedient listen!
The vessel cuts the yielding air,
And muslins wave, and diamonds glisten;
Should winter, in its bleak array,
With chilling frosts and winds alarm her,
Jack points the prow to Hudson's Bay,
And comely furs both deck and warm her;
And, gaily leaving care behind,
Ransacks the world to serve mankind.

Would cits the rich, voluptuous, treat—
Amidst the bustle and the hurry,
To make the bill of fare complete,
Jack brings the turtle and the curry:
He fetches tea for maiden aunts,
Finery and fashions for our spouses;

Feeds, clothes us, and supplies our wants,
And even furnishes our houses:
What thanks for those shall then we find,
Who thus adventure for mankind?

Then be the friendly toast we pass,
As honest hearts and Nature's freemen,
Excluding daylight from the glass,—
Prosperity to English seamen!
On danger's brink, who, careless found,
For others make their lives a slavery;
The very wine that now goes round
We owe to their adventurous bravery:
Then drink to those, with grateful mind,
Who risk their lives to serve mankind.

EACH HIS OWN PILOT.

I WAS saying to Jack, as we talk'd t'other day
About lubbers and snivelling elves,
That if people in life do not steer the right way,
They had nothing to thank but themselves.
Now, when man's caught by those mermaids the girls
With their flatt'ring palaver and smiles,
He runs, while he's list'ning to their fal de rals,
Bump ashore on the shoal Scilly Isles.
Thus, in steering in life, as in steering with us,
To one course in your conduct resort—
In foul winds, leaving luff and no near, keep her thus:
In honour's line ready,
When fair keep her steady,
And neither to starboard incline nor to port.

If he's true in his dealings, life's wind to defy,
And the helm has a trim and right scope,
Not luffing, but keeping the ship full and by,
He may weather the Cape of Good Hope,
But if he steers wide in temptation's high sea
And to pleasure gives too much head-way,
Hard a-port goes the helm, the ship's brought by the lee,
And she founders in Botany Bay.
Thus, in steering in life, &c.

In wedlock so many wrong courses are made,
They part convoy so oft and so fast,
Till so fond they are grown of that same Guinea-trade,
Cape Farewell is their anchorage at last.
Some men, I must own, to be dubb'd may be born;
But this, for their wives, I will say,
They seldom or ever bear down for Cape Horn,
Till the husbands have show'd them the way.
Thus, in steering in life, &c.

As to mutinous spirits that through the world roll,
If we had 'em aboard, Jack, with we,
They should make No Man's Land, and skulk through Lubber's Hole,
And at last be laid in the Red Sea:
But fine honest fellows, to honour so dear,
Shall in this world, by nothing perplex'd,
Of False-Bay get to windward, bring up in Cape Clear,
And bespeak a snug berth in the next.
Thus, in steering in life, &c.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

A VOYAGE at sea, and all its strife,
Its pleasures and its pain,
At every point resembles life—
Hard work for little gain.
The anchor's weigh'd, smooth is the flood,
Serene seems every form;
But soon, alas! comes on the scud
That speaks the threatening storm:
The towering masts in splinters shivering!
The useless sails in tatters quivering!
Thunder rolling, light'ning flashing,
Waves, in horrid tumult dashing,
Foam along the dreary shore:
Still, while tars sit round so jolly,
The sprightly flute calls care a folly;
Aloft, alow, afloat, aground,
Let but the smiling grog go round,
And storms are heard no more.

The voyage through life is various found,
The wind is seldom fair;
Though to the Straits of Pleasure bound,
Too oft we touch at Care.
Impervious danger we explore;
False friends, some faithless she;
Pirates and sharks are found ashore
As often as at sea.
A low'ring storm from envy brewing,
Shall at a distance menace ruin;

While slander, malice, and detraction,
A host of fiends shall bring in action,
And plant care's thorns at every pore.
Yet, roused to sweet domestic duty,
Some manly imp, or infant beauty,
Clings round his neck, or climbs his knees,
Each thorn's pluck'd out, pain's turn'd to ease,
And storms are heard no more.

The ship towers gaily on the main,
To fight its country's cause,
And bid the obedient world maintain
Its honours and its laws.
Nor from surrounding danger shrinks
Till, sacrifice to fame,
Death dealing round, she nobly sinks
Only to live in name.
And so the man—his ample measure
Fill'd with alternate pain and pleasure,
Till, long in age and honour living,
Life's strength worn out, a lesson giving
To those he leaves his well-got store.
Mild hope and resignation greeting,
The playful soul, in circles fleeting,
Makes onward to its native skies,
While gasping nature pants and dies,
And storms are heard no more.

THREE CHEERS.

WHEN to weigh the boatswain's calling,
The tops all mann'd,
The fading land
Throng'd with hearty friends appears,
Then the sailor, though on duty,
Seeks fondly for some distant beauty,
Whose token on his heart he wears:
Nor can his moisten'd eye withdraw;
But roused, his courage overhauling,
The grog goes round,
He hails the sound,
The toast—a prosperous voyage—three cheers!
And jolly tars sing out Hooraw!

When light'ning, winds, and waves are jarring,
And madly rove,
Enough to move
Aught but a British seaman's fears,
Then the tar, on duty flying,
The yards, the shrouds, the pump is plying—
Belay, casts off tacks, halliards, gears—
Watches each cranny and each flaw:
But, ceased this elemental warring,
The grog goes round,
He hails the sound,
The toast—Great Britain's fleets—three cheers!
And jolly tars sing out Hooraw!

When the wild tumultuous battle,
With horrid roar,
Laves decks with gore—
When ranks the raking broadside clears—
The tar, his country's cause espousing,
Feels in his veins the lion rousing;
And, as he Freedom's standard rears,
He gorges Death's insatiate maw:
But quell'd the foe, ceased the loud rattle,
The grog goes round,
He hails the sound,
The toast - humanity—three cheers!
And jolly tars sing out Hooraw!

But when, his various perils ended,
He views the shore,
All hands to moor,
With more than mortal bliss he hears:
A heaven on earth the sailor fancies,
Hails little Toms, and little Nancies,
And realized, he feels and hears
Her truth he in his dreams foresaw.
To fate thus grateful, thus befriended,
The grog goes round,
All hail the sound,
The toast—Jack's welcome home—three cheers!
And jolly tars sing out Hooraw!

NANCY.

YOU ask how it comes that I sing about Nancy
For ever, yet find something new?
As well may you ask why delight fills the fancy
When land first appears to the crew,
When safe from the toils of the perilous ocean,
In each heart thanks of gratitude spring:
Feel this, and you'll have of my joy a faint notion,
When with rapture of Nancy I sing.

You and I Nature's beauties have seen the world over,
Yet never knew which to prefer;
Then why should you wonder that I am no rover,
Since I see all those beauties in her?
Why, you'll find about ships all you've known and been hearing,
On their different bearings to bring;
Though they all make their ports, they all vary in steering,
So do I, when of Nancy I sing.

Could a ship round the world, wind and weather permitting,
A thousand times go and come back,
The ocean's so spacious, 'twould never be hitting,
For leagues upon leagues, the same tack.

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So her charms are so numerous, so various, so clever,
They produce in my mind such a string,
That, my tongue once let loose, I could sing on for ever,
And vary the oftener I sing.

Shall I tell you the secret?—you've but to love truly,
Own a heart in the right place that's hung;
And, just as the prow to the helm answers duly,
That heart will lend words to the tongue.
No art do I boast, no skill I inherit,
Then do not of my praises ring;
But to Love and to Nature allow all the merit,
That taught me of Nancy to sing.

THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

SEE the shore lined with gazers, the tide comes in fast,
The confusion but hear! bear a hand there, avast!
The blocks and the wedges the mallets obey,
And the shores and the stanchions are all cut away:
While with head like a lion, built tight fore and aft,
Broad amidships, lean bows, and taper abaft—
In contempt of all danger from quicksands and rocks,
The Pride of the Ocean is launch'd from the stocks.

Now the signal is flying, and, fleet in her course,
She chases a sail, far superior her force,
And now the brisk broadside is merrily pour'd,
And splinters, cut ropes, and masts go by the board:

Next yard-arm and yard-arm entangled they lie,
The tars loudly swearing to conquer or die;
Till hull'd and cut up, getting more than she likes,
To the Pride of the Ocean the enemy strikes.

The prize is sent home, and, alert in a trice,
They make gaskets and points, and they knot and
they splice;
While knowing Jack-tars of their gallantry talk,
Tell who served with Boscawen, and Anson, and
Hawke;
Till, all of a sudden, a calm, then a scud,
A tempest brings on that the face of the flood,
The thunder and lightning and wind so deform,
The Pride of the Ocean scarce lives out the storm.

And now, having nobly defended the cause
Of the nation, of freedom, religion, and laws,
Her timbers all crazy, all open her seams,
Torn and wounded her planks, and quite rotten her
beams;
To the last humbly fated her country to aid,
Near the very same slip where her keel was first laid,
No trace of her rate but her ports and her bulk,
The Pride of the Ocean's cut down a sheer hulk.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib! how she smack'd through the
breeze!
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.

So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls and our dear native shore!
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the Gut of Gibraltar
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
Helm a-weather! the hoarse boatswain cries;
Brace the foresail athwart; see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster
Befel three poor sailors and I.
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi;
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to Old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.

Well, what would you have? we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I, and, I think, twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way set the wind;
For to England I came, and got married
To a lass that was comely and kind.
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born;
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
For sailors, &c.

MOORINGS.

I'VE heard, cried out one, that you tars tack and tack,
And at sea what strange dangers befel you;
But I don't know what's moorings.—What, don't you? cries Jack,
Man your ear-tackle then, and I'll tell you:—
Suppose you'd a daughter, quite beautiful grown,
And, in spite of her tears and implorings,
Some scoundrel abused her, and you knock'd him down,
Why, d'ye see, he'd be safe at his moorings.

In life's voyage should you trust a false friend with the helm,
The top-lifts of his heart all a-kimbo,
A tempest of treachery your bark will o'erwhelm,
And your moorings will soon be in limbo;
But if his heart's timbers bear up against pelf,
And he's just in his reckonings and scorings,
He'll for you keep a look-out the same as himself,
And you'll find in his friendship safe moorings.

If wedlock's your port, and your mate, true and kind,
In all weathers will stick to her duty,
A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,
Safe moor'd in the haven of beauty;
But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint,
That listens to vows and adorings,
Shape your course how you will, still you'll make Cuckold's Point,
To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

A glutton's safe moor'd, head and stern, by the gout;
A drunkard's moor'd under the table;
In straws drowning men will Hope's anchor find out,
While a hair's a philosopher's cable:
Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main
Of Fate's billows, where all hear the roarings;
Where for one calm of pleasure, we've ten storms of pain,
Till death brings us all to our moorings.

TOM TOUGH.

MY name, d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seen a little sarvice,
Where mighty billows roll, and loud tempests blow;
I've sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out—Yo, heave ho!
Yet more shall ye be knowing,
I was coxson to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke have I nobly faced the foe,
Then put round the grog—
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in care's face, and sing, Yo, heave ho!

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beach below,
I'd like to cotch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrows up with a Yo, heave ho!
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seized the capstan bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And, in spite of tears and sighs, sung out, Yo, heave ho!

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones
were sickly,
(And if they'd live or die the doctor didn't know,)
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so
quickly,
I thought my heart would break, as I sung, Yo,
heave ho!
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack, her brother,
The boy when he grows up will nobly face the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
For, you see, what must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out, Yo,
heave ho!

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of
commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with a Yo, heave ho!
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
My boys shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girls shall breed young sailors nobly for to
face the foe;—
Then to country and king,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out, Yo, heave ho!

NATURE AND NANCY.

LET swabs, with their vows, their palaver, and lies,
Sly flattery's silk sails still be trimming,
Swear their Polls be all angels dropp'd down from the skies—
I your angels don't like—I loves women;
And I loves a warm heart, and a sweet honest mind,
Good as truth, and as lively as fancy;
As constant as honour, as tenderness kind—
In short, I loves Nature and Nancy.

I read in a song about Wenus, I thinks,
All rigg'd out with her Cupids and Graces;
And how roses and lilies, carnations and pinks,
Was made paint to daub over their faces.
They that loves it, may take all such art for their pains,
For mine 'tis another guess fancy:
Give me the rich health, flesh and blood, and blue veins,
That paints the sweet face of my Nancy.

Why, I went to the play, where they talk'd well at least,
As to act all their parts they were trying,
They were playing at soldiers, and playing at feast,
And some they were playing at dying.
Let 'em hang, drown, or starve, or take poison, d'ye see,
All just for their gig and their fancy;
What to them was but jest is right earnest to me,
For I live, and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls, then, like so many Algerine Turks,
Dash away, a fine gay-painted galley!
With their jacks, and their pennants, and gingerbread works,
All for show, and just nothing for value;
False colours throw out, deck'd by labour and art,
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy:
They are all for the person, I'm all for the heart,
In short, I'm for Nature and Nancy.

TOM TACKLE WAS POOR.

TOM TACKLE was noble, was true to his word;
If merit brought titles, Tom might be my lord;
How gaily his bark through Life's ocean would sail!
Truth furnish'd the rigging, and Honour the gale.
Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had,
That, good as he was, made him all that was bad;
He was paltry and pitiful, scurvy and mean,
And the sniv'lingest scoundrel that ever was seen;
For so said the girls, and the landlords 'long shore—
Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tackle was poor!

'Twas once on a time when we took a galloon,
And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some tune,
Tom a trip took to jail, an old messmate to free,
And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee.
Then Tom was an angel, downright from heaven sent!

While they'd hands he his goodness should never
repent:
Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case,
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face!
Why d'ye wonder? cried one, you're served right, to
be sure,
Once Tom Tackle was rich—now Tom Tackle is poor!

I ben't, you see, versed in high maxims and sich;
But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see where
from,
And, damme, if e'er tar had a good heart, 'twas Tom.
Yet, somehow or 'nother, Tom never did right:
None knew better the time when to spare or to fight:
He, by finding a leak, once preserved crew and ship,
Saved the Commodore's life—then he made such rare
flip!
And yet for all this, no one Tom could endure;
I fancies as how 'twas—because he was poor.

At last an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,
Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his hand,
In the riding of comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune, that shook in the
wind:
He gave him enough through Life's ocean to steer,
Be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or no near;
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends—and may all honest
hearts,
Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from the
door,
Just enough to be generous—too much to be poor.

THE STANDING TOAST.

THE moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple,
Affording a chequer'd delight;
The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for the tipple,
And the toast—for 'twas Saturday night.
Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life,
Each drank, while he wish'd he could hail her;
But the standing toast, that pleased the most,
Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!

Some drank the King and his brave ships,
And some the Constitution:
Some—May our foes, and all such rips,
Own English resolution;
That Fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank our Queen and some our land—
Our glorious land of Freedom;
Some, that our tars might never stand
For heroes brave to lead 'em!
That beauty in distress might find
Such friends as ne'er would fail her;
But the standing toast, &c.

THE BUSY CREW.

THE busy crew, their sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arrived,
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty lived.

His rigging, no one dare attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below;
Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
With trousers like the driven snow.

His honest heart, with pleasure glowing,
He flew like lightning to the side;
Scarce had he been a boat's length rowing,
Before his Kitty he espied.

A flowing pennant gaily flutter'd
From her neat-made hat of straw;
Red were her cheeks when first she utter'd—
It was "her sailor" that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,
While, secure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder,
They dart into each other's arms.

THE LETTER N.

UP from a loblolly-boy none was so 'cute,
Of knowing things most sort I follard;
Ben Binnacle learn'd me to read and dispute,
For Ben was a bit of a scholard.
Of the whole criss-cross row I in time know'd the worth;
But the dear letter N for my fancy;
For N stands for nature, and noble, and north,
Neat, nimble, nine, nineteen, and Nancy.

She soon was my wife, and I sail'd round the world,
To get prize-money where I could forage;
And for love, wheresoever our jack was unfurl'd,
I daunted them all with my courage:
For I now read in books about heroes and fame,
And for all sorts of rows got a fancy;
Sticking still to dear N, for N stands for name,
Note, novel, neck, nothing, and Nancy.

In the midst of this bustle I lost my poor friend,
And each object around me grew hateful;
For I know'd not false heart with a fair face to blend,
Nor had larning yet made me ungrateful.
I liked my friend well, and deplored him;—what then?
My wife was the first in my fancy;
For though B stands for buck, brother, bottom, and Ben,
Yet N stands for needle and Nancy.

Well, I've weather'd life's storms, and till laid a sheer hulk,
Will my absence again never shock her;
Thanks to Fortune, at sea I've no need to break bulk,
For I've plenty of shot in the locker.
Our kids play around us, and still to pursue
The letter so dear to my fancy,
Though nineteen twice told, noons and nights but renew
The nice natty notion of Nancy.

THE LAST SHILLING.

AS pensive one night in my garret I sate,
My last shilling produced on the table;
That advent'rer, cried I, might a hist'ry relate,
If to think or to speak it were able.
Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the freak,
The face seem'd with life to be filling;
And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to speak,
"Pay attention to me—thy last shilling.

"I was once the last coin of the law a sad limb,
Who, in cheating, was ne'er known to falter;
Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated him,
And he paid me to buy him a halter.
A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,
Wish'd it hundreds—and gave his last shilling.

"'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glistening eye
With pleasure ran o'er as she view'd me;
She changed me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
And, at parting, with tears she bedew'd me.
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor families chilling;
Where rakes, in their revels, the piper to pay,
Have spurn'd me—their best friend and last shilling.

"Thou thyself hast been thoughtless—for profligates bail,
But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,
When my little history thou offerest for sale—
In the interim spend me, and be merry!"
"Never, never!" cried I: "thou'rt my Mentor—my muse,
And, grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart;"—thus men counsel refuse,
Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.

SINCE, JACK, THOU ART A SEAMAN'S SON.

SINCE, Jack, thou art a seaman's son,
And born for the good of the nation,
'Tis pretty near time I begun
To larn thee a tar's edication:
For when out of port
Thou'lt be Fortune's sport,

And taste of Sorrow's cup;
Yet in thy power
Is Hope's best bower,
When death shall bring thee up.

Love honour as thy life:
Ne'er do a paltry thing;
Protect thy friend and wife;
Spare foes, and serve thy King!
This lesson larn,
Without consarn
Thou'lt taste of pleasure's cup,
E'en to the dregs,
On thy last legs,
When Death shall bring thee up.

And when thou'st left the sea,
And time has long broke bulk,
Grown old and crank like me,
And laid up, a sheer hulk,
Teach thy young son
This course to run,
To drink of comfort's cup;
Thy eyes thou'lt close
In sweet repose,
When Death shall bring thee up.

ONE.

UP the Mediterranin
One day was explaining
The chaplain and I about poets and bards;
For I'm pretty disarning,
And loves about larning

To know, and all notions that such things regards:
Then to hear him sing out 'bout the islands around,
Tell their outlandish names, call them all classic ground,
Where the old ancient poets all formerly mess'd,
And wrote about love, and the girls they caress'd;
Swore they thought 'em all goddesses—creatures divine,—
I thinks that he said each old gemman had nine.
Cried I, Well said, old ones!
These poets were bold ones;
But ev'rything's vanity under the sun.
Love's as good sport as any,
But nine's eight too many;—
I have one worth all nine, and my Nancy's that one.

Then we read, for their wishes,
They turn'd to queer fishes,
To cocks and to bulls, in some verses they call
Ovid Metaramorphus,
And one Mr. Orphus
Went to hell for his wife—but that's nothing at all.
Some figary, each hour, set these codgers agog:
Old Nackron swigg'd off his allowance of grog;
Master Jove had his fancies and fine falderals,—
What a devil that god was for following the gals!
But what makes the curiest part of their lives,
They were always a-chasing of other men's wives.
What nonsense and folly!
'Tis quite melancholy,
That a man can't be bless'd till his neighbour's undone;
Why, 'tis wicked to ax um;—
Take the world, that's my maxum,
So one be left me, and my Nancy that one.

Then we'd hot work between us,
'Bout Graces and Wenus,
With their fine red and white, and their eyes full of darts:
To be sure, pretty faces
Be well in their places;
But, your Rev'rence, in love there be such things as hearts.
'Tis unmanly to chatter behind people's back,
But 'tis pretty well known that the lady's a crack;
Besides, if these things about beauty be true,
That there is but one Wenus, why I says there's two:
Say there is but one Nancy, you'll then not mistake,
For she's mine, and I'd sail round the world for her sake.

Then no further norations,
Or chatterifications,
'Bout Wenus, and Graces, and such pretty fun,
That so runs in your fancy;—
Just see but my Nancy,
You'll find all their charms spliced together in one.

GRIEVING'S A FOLLY.

PANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing;
For Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king.

One night as we drove with two reefs in the mainsail,
And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee shore,
Jack went up aloft for to hand the top-ga't sail,
A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more:
But grieving's a folly—
Come, let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures ashore.

Whiffling Tom, still of mischief or fun in the middle,
Through life, in all weathers, at random would jog;
He'd dance and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog.
'Longside of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,
In and out Whiffling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more.
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good-natured and free;
If ever one tar was more true than another,
To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he.
One day, with the davit, to weigh the kedge anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
He overboard tipp'd, when a shark, and a spanker,
Soon nipp'd him in two, and we ne'er saw him more:
But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, shall we be downhearted
Because that mayhap we now take our last sup?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And Death in safe moorings will bring us all up:

But 'tis always the way on't; one scarce finds a brother
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle, or storm, or some damn'd thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

I SAIL'D IN THE TERRIBLE FRIGATE.

I SAIL'D in the Terrible frigate—
A man at the masthead
Cried, "A sail!"—We no sooner did twig it,
Than each rag of canvass we spread:
She was double our force, we did not mind that—
She'd no more chance with us than a mouse with a cat:
So she ran,
And we ran,
Nor lagg'd behind:
For the breeze was fair, and we spank'd 'fore the wind:
The engagement began at a famous size;
Many shot hit her hard, wind and water between,
Till the lubbers set fire to her magazine;
So just as we thought we had made her a prize,
After many a swab had the sea for his grave,
Out boats! we turn'd to, the remainder to save.

So, you see, if a-lee or a-weather,
Where'er the sailor goes,

We always, united together,
Can flog or succour foes;
For a British heart's in the right place,
As we're stout so we're merciful i'th' chase;—
So we steadily,
Readily,
Nobly inclined,
Right astern, on the beam, or the quarter the wind,
They who need our compassion are surely in luck;
For, just as the fame of Old England demands,
We turn to, and cheerily pipe all hands,
Till our country's foes to the union have struck;—
So, in chasing the foe, we more glory can share,
Than your lubbers in chasing the fox or the hare.

THE SAILOR'S WILL.

THE network stow'd with hammocks all,
To arms had beat the drum,
To quarters piped the boatswain's call,
The threat'ning danger come;
The handspears, spunges, hammers, crows,
Lay well arranged about;
And, to annoy old England's foes,
The great guns were run out.
While all the ship, firm in the cause,
Silent as death was still,
Each tar employ'd the awful pause
To whisper out his will.

"I have a friend, who to distress
Did ne'er in kindness fail;
He saved my life, gave half his mess,
And took me out of gaol;—
Give him this watch:—when I was sick
From his own hands it came;
And say, whene'er I heard it tick
I thought upon his name.
He's call'd Will Worthy, I Ben Breeze;
My mind his merits fill;
And 'tis to noble hearts like these
True tars should make their will."

"I have a wife;—this picture here
She hung about my neck,
And seal'd it with a parting tear,
When forced to leave the deck.
Tell her the ties with mine to furl,
Safe stow'd till her last breath—
Then give it to our little girl,
When we are join'd in death;—
Thou'lt find her—she's call'd constant Nan;
This duty then fulfil,
And let the world say thou'rt the man
To guard a sailor's will."

"I no relations have myself,
But those that honour bring:
So prize-money, and all my pelf,
In trust, I give the King!
His Majesty!—God bless his heart!
When my poor hulk's at rest,
With int'rest will each tar give part,
Or swell the Chatham chest.

My name's Tom Loyal; and I know
Each duty to fulfil:—
Where can I, then, so well bestow,
In trust, my dying will?"

A broadside's given!—we hear no more;
The sanguine fight comes on;
And, lifeless, stretch'd in clotted gore,
Lies many a proud Don.
The vict'ry's gain'd! the can goes round,
The strife no longer glows;
And English tars, now safe and sound,
Hail friends, and succour foes.
Ben's friend, Tom's King, and William's wife,
Yet do their bosoms fill;
They swear to honour 'em through life,
And, dying, in their will.

NANCY AND HOME.

IF 'tis true what wise ones tell us,
That pleasure's bought with pain,
What mortals can excel us,
Who 'tempt the boist'rous main?
We kick about all weathers,
Brave battle, quicksand, storm;
And buckle to our tethers,
If climes burn, freeze, or warm.
Why, 'tis all a joke,
With hearts of oak!
We dance and sing,
And drink the King,

Whatever chance may come;
Bless'd with a store
Of joys ashore,
In Nancy and home.

For me, all parts I've sounded,
As a tar would wish to see;
At Minorca I was wounded,
And shipwreck'd at Goree.
But on Afric's coast if burning,
Or numb'd with Greenland's frost,
Of fame my pittance earning,
No toil my patience cross'd.
Why 'twas all a joke!
True heart of oak,
I'd dance and sing,
And drink the King,
Whatever chance might come;
To taste a store
Of joys ashore,
In Nancy and home.

Then, for a chance of dying,
Why should a tar complain?
All sorts of death are flying
Ashore as on the main:
Some strike to a consumption,
Some are took back by a rope—
To murmur is presumption;—
The best bower-anchor's hope.
Then, 'tis all a joke!
True hearts of oak,
Let us dance and sing, &c.

BLOW, BOREAS, BLOW.

LOW, Boreas, blow! thy surly winds
May make the billows foam and roar;
Thou breed'st no fear in valiant minds,
For, spite of thee, we'll find a shore!
Then cheer, my hearts! and be not awed,
But keep the gun-room clear:
Though all the devils roar abroad,
We've sea-room, boys, and never fear.
See how she tosses up! how far!
The mounting topmast touch'd a star!
The meteors blazed, as through the clouds we came,
And salamander-like, we live in flame!
But now we go:—
See! see! we go
To the deepest shades below!
Alas! where are we now?
Oh! who can tell?
Sure, 'tis the lowest room in hell,
Or where the sea-gods dwell!—

With them we'll live and reign,
With them we'll drink and sing, and dance amain.
But see! see! see! we mount again!
Still, though flashes of lightning and tempests of rain
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the air,
Though the captain his prayer
Doth lustily swear,
And the seas are on fire by the fiends of the air,

We drink and defy
The mad spirits that fly
From the deep to the sky,
And sing, though loud thunder should bellow!
For Fate will still have
A rich berth for the brave,
And ne'er make his grave
Of a salt-water wave;—
No! a sailor's too honest a fellow!
Then cheer, my hearts, &c.

THE CABIN BOY.

POLL PENNANT'S father was a tar;
Her uncle smuggled tea;
And her relations, near and far,
Had bus'ness with the sea.
She married Jack, pride of the crew,
One to her bosom dear,
And 'mongst these sailors quickly knew
To hand, and reef, and steer.

That Jack was off, the ship unmoor'd,
She heard with silent joy;
And cunningly repair'd on board,
Dress'd like a cabin boy.
Whene'er to danger he would rush,
Jack still a helpmate found;
And were he hurt in any brush,
She kindly dress'd his wound.

The cruise was out; from her disguise
Poll now with pleasure burst,
Then took her passage in a prize,
And to their home came first:
Jack chased her soon; in eager gaze
Unloaded all his joy,
And presently sung out the praise
Of the kind Cabin Boy:—

How he had watch'd him; how his care
Had nicely dress'd his prog;
How sung him some delightful air,
As they tipp'd off the grog:
"'Twas I," cried Poll; "that messmate who
In all your toil took part!"
"You? my sweet Poll!" Jack cried out.—"You?
Come to my faithful heart."

JACK'S ADVICE TO HIS FRIEND.

HY, Tom, thou'rt a seaman; and may every wind,
That thy wishes can prosper and favour,
Still sit in thy soul, that each port thou mayst find
While honour shall guide thy behaviour;
While good, true, and hearty, the stays of thy mind
Are steadily braced by thy duty;
While to king, wife, and friend, thou art constant and kind,
And thou driest up the sorrows of beauty.

But may all thy tackles, grown rotten, give way;
  Thy vessel, may leaks fairly fill her!
Thy timbers all splinter'd, no rope to belay,
  Broke thy compass, and shatter'd thy tiller,
When shook in the winds are the sails of thy heart,
  And thou'rt false to thine honour and duty;
When from king, wife, and friend thou wouldst
      basely depart,
  And thou mock'st at the sorrows of beauty.

GALLANT TOM.

IT blew great guns, when gallant Tom
  Was taking in a sail;
And squalls came on in sight of home,
  That strengthen'd to a gale.
Broad sheets of vivid lightning glared,
  Reflected by the main:
And even gallant Tom despair'd
  To see his love again!

The storm came on! each rag aboard
  Was into tatters rent;
The rain through every crevice pour'd;
  All fear'd the dread event:
The pumps were choked! their awful doom
  Seem'd sure at every strain;
Each tar despair'd—e'en gallant Tom—
  To see his love again!

The leak was stopp'd! the winds grew dull;
  The billows ceased to roar;
And the torn ship, almost a hull,
  In safety reach'd the shore.

Crowds ran to see the wondrous sight:
The storm had raged in vain!
And gallant Tom, with true delight,
Beheld his love again.

THE WAR IS OVER.

COME, come, my lads! the war is o'er;
The ships all off are paying:
Sheets, cables, haulyards, used no more,
Are up in ord'n'ry laying.
The fearful dangers of the main
Give way to bowls and glasses;
And jolly sailors once again
Are sporting with their lasses.

The boatswain, who so shrilly pipes,
No longer are we hearing:
In dock he tosses off his swipes,
At landlord hoarsely swearing.
The battle wars not, nor the main,
Except while, o'er our glasses,
We count our dangers once again,
To please our pretty lasses.

Come, then, my hearts! we've proved, in war,
We dare meet every trial:
In peace by our demeanour fair,
Let's show we're subjects loyal.
And when the duties of the main
Demand us from our glasses,
We'll sigh, as we prepare again,
To leave our pretty lasses!

JACK'S ALIVE.

SWEET Nancy Nouse and Jack Jibboom
Had long been man and wife;
And envy's self could find no room
To blame their happy life.
Each girl who would a husband find,
Each tar who fain would wive,
These words would always bear in mind—
Nan's bless'd, for Jack's alive!

One Pest, a knowing and false friend,
When Jack was out at sea,
Laid siege to Nancy to no end—
For a true wife was she:
He teased her with each doubt and fear,
That his vile suit might thrive;
Yet Hope still whisper'd in her ear,
'Tis false, for Jack's alive!

He kept Jack's letters back—forged news,
Her virtue to ensnare,
And did her patient ear abuse,
To drive her to despair:
He swore Jack had fallen overboard,
And never could arrive;
When a hoarse voice like thunder roar'd—
"You lie, friend, Jack's alive!"

'Twas Jack!—he chased all her alarms;
He kick'd Pest down the stairs,
Then hastening to her longing arms,
He banish'd all her cares:

His children to his heart he press'd,
Bid joy again revive;
While Nancy cried, "I'm truly bless'd—
Thank Heaven! my Jack's alive!"

LIFE'S WEATHER-GAUGE.

I'M for Tom Tiller's golden maxim,
Who studies life in every stage:
He'll tell you plainly if you ax him,
Content's this life's best weather-gauge.

I own Tom had but little learning,
Such as you flats pick up at school:
Yet is he cunning and discerning;
And though no conj'ror, Tom's no fool.

"A tar," cried Tom, "to peace a stranger,
'Fore Fortune's tempest cuts and drives,
No single moment free from danger—
The same as every man that lives;
In toil and peril he his part takes,
Stands fire, and hurricane, and shot;
He has his qualms, his headaches, heartaches;
And where's the lubber that has not?

"The gold he gets does good to others,
Though he at random lets it fly;
For, as mankind are all his brothers,
He keeps it in the family:
Hair-breadth escapes each hour he weathers,
No moment he can call his own;
And thus are men put to their tethers,
Up from the cottage to the throne.

"The thing is this:—in every station
We're born for pleasure and for trouble;
And if you strike to each vexation,
Good Hope's true Cape you'll never double:
But take the good and evil cheerly,
And sum up creditor and debtor;
If in this world they use you queerly,
Be honest, and you'll find a better."

THE WIFE.

AS a sailor's all one as a piece of the ship,
So my wife is a piece of myself:
We eat the same biscuit, partake the same flip,
And, wer't worlds, she should keep all my pelf.
All her wishes are mine; we have only one heart,
One maxim, one pleasure, one fancy:
Not oceans our love for a moment can part,
For I always am present with Nancy.

When leagues far and wide, for my comfort and use,
If I want to examine my chest,
What delight to my heart does the rummage produce,
When I'm rock'd in my hammock to rest!
The cordials and comforts, so tidily placed,
Haul her taut to my heart and my fancy;
And the needles and housewife her fingers have graced
Quell my soul, till I'm nothing but Nancy.

Then, in case that in battle I wounded should be,
Here a rag, there a bandage appears,
All mark'd with her hair, and 'tis easy to see
That she wash'd them, poor soul! with her tears.

And should I get wounded in fight, maim'd or blind,
What a dainty delight for my fancy!
The misfortune would make me, sweet love! she's so kind,
More dear to the heart of my Nancy.

All true honest tars have their duty at heart;
Their country and king they defend;
They spare foes, they love honour, and never depart
From their post as a Briton and friend.
But how, were their courage so kept up by love,
They'd indulge in the generous fancy!
They'd fight like the lion, forgive like the dove,
If, like me, they'd a wife such as Nancy.

THE LOOK-OUT.

OLD CUNWELL, the pilot, for many a year,
Had plenty of vessels in charge;
And knew of each sandbank and shoal to steer clear,
Whether sailing close-haul'd or at large:
At last, safely moor'd, with a well-timber'd purse,
Heart and house open'd wide to his friend,
With old Poll, once a dasher, now turn'd to a nurse,
He had bought a snug berth at Gravesend.

From a kind of poop-lantern, placed over the Thames,
Where he took with his messmates his grog,
Bound outward or homeward, the ships and their names,
They spied as they guzzled the grog.

Now cocking the spy-glass, and clearing the Nore,
"Why, Jack, there they come without end!
There's the Neptune, the Glory, and, further in shore,
Fame and Liberty making Gravesend.

"And see where the river in branches divides,
Cut in two all the same as a fork;
How proudly the Commerce with Industry rides—
Then the Blarney—oh! she's bound to Cork,
There's the homeward-bound fleet from the Downs—only see!
So stored their top-gallant masts bend;
There's the Silkworm, the Beaver, the Ant, and the Bee,
And all standing on for Gravesend.

"There's the Fortitude yonder, at danger that mocks;
The Nimble, that swims like a tench;
The bold Resolution, that steers clear of rocks;
The Britannia, that laughs at the French.
Thus a magnet old Thames firmly holds in his mouth,
To which all sorts of merchandise tend;
And the trade of all nations, west, north, east, and south,
Like the needle, points right to Gravesend.

Let the French plant their liberty's tree here and there,
With their fine gewgaw ensign unfurl'd;—
Damme! we're a whole forest, and plenty to spare,
That our commerce conveys round the world.
And would Corsican Boney from folly awake,
His dream of false fame at an end,
How the dear little monster would tremble and quake
As he counted the ships at Gravesend.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

JACK vow'd, old England left behind,
To hold his Nancy dear in mind;
And this kind vow did he so keep,
He nightly saw her in his sleep:
'Midst roaring thunder, raging seas,
His cheerful mind was still at ease,
Nor seas nor thunder made him start—
He held his Nancy to his heart:
But, sudden as the lightning's gleam,
He woke, and found 'twas but a dream.

Waked from his dream and Nancy's charms,
By the loud drum that beat to arms,
Jack roused from so much sweet delight,
And took his station in the fight.
The French were thrash'd; night closed the main;
Jack dream'd the battle o'er again:
Then Fancy play'd her usual part—
He held his Nancy to his heart:
Alas! things are not what they seem!
He woke, and found it but a dream.

One night, a foul malicious fiend,
Like a nightmare, across him lean'd,
Stole Nancy's picture, and the charm
That she had braced upon his arm;
Then, as she seem'd to breathe her last,
A frightful monster held her fast,
Threat'ning he should from Nancy part,

No more to press her to his heart:
Jack gave in agony a scream,
Then smiled, to find 'twas but a dream.

Next morn a vessel hove in sight;
An enemy!—Hot grew the fight!
She struck, a brig of largest size,
And Jack made England with the prize;
Reach'd home when Nancy long had wept,
And, sore fatigued, turn'd in and slept;
But truth assuming fancy's part,
He held his Nancy to his heart:
Nor as at sea did these things seem—
He woke, and found 'twas not a dream.

BRITANNIA'S NAME.

BRITANNIA'S name, from age to age,
Has like her cliffs stood fast,
And promises, in history's page,
In honour long to last.
Her sailors, rulers of the sea,
Her soldiers, of that soil
On which the industrious peasantry,
To give it value, toil;
All, all, shall hail Britannia's name,
By glory handed down to fame!

Then sing our tars, who boldly roam
Our glory to insure;
And sing our soldiers, who at home
That glory well secure;

And sing our peasants, at a word
Who, of mankind the friend,
Would turn each ploughshare to a sword,
Their country to defend.
All, all, shall sing Britannia's name,
As glory hands it down to fame!

A DOSE FOR THE DONS.

DEARLY as the stream that guides its vital motion,
Be cherish'd by each grateful British heart,
The great event that gave the lordly ocean
To English tars fresh laurels to impart:
Valentine's Day in smiles came on,
Love fill'd the seaman's anxious mind,
Delighted with past scenes so sweet,
While ardent hope kept every pulse alive,
Sweet hope some glorious moment might arrive,
To serve the wife, and king, and friend, he left behind,
When Jervis, with his gallant fleet,
Discover'd the proud Don.

Strange signal-guns all night distinctly hearing,
When day's faint dawn presented first the shore,
We, anxious, on the starboard tack were steering,
While, east-by-north, eight leagues, Cape Vincent bore:
Near ten, propitious hope came on;
Our signal for a large fleet flew;

When instant, with a press of sail,
Form'd in two lines, onward we gaily stood;
Till boldly dashing through the yielding flood,
While honour fired each ship's determined crew,
We proudly bore up within hail
Of the astonish'd Don.

Ships twenty-seven now bid a bold defiance;
Fifteen our number, and of smaller size:
So tow'ring elephants look down on lions,
Till of their courage they become the prize:
For now the trying hour came on,
That each must act a gallant part;
Fate on one grand manœuvre hinged—
One mighty stroke, prompt, dangerous, and bold:
But what of English tars the courage can withhold?
We broke their straggling line, scared every heart,
And Jack the tawny whiskers singed
Of the astonish'd Don.

Here might I dwell on this unequall'd action,
That soars beyond example out of sight,
That gain'd four ships, that broke a dangerous faction;
But English seamen never brag—they fight.
Then let perfidious France come on,
Aided by Holland and by Spain,
In the deep a watery grave to meet:
Fair England proudly with one voice shall sing
The worth and virtues of a patriot king;
While some such heroes lead the glorious strain
As Jervis and his gallant fleet,
That humbled the proud Don.

A SEAMAN'S DITTY.

COME, listen to a seaman's ditty—
Tom Taffrail was the hero's name;
His tale shall start that tear of pity
The brave and good from virtue claim.
Tom went to sea; duty inclined him
His king and country to defend;
But how in grief to leave behind him
A lovely wife and faithful friend?

Kind hearts may dwell in bosoms homely;
Nothing can virtue's impulse check:
At sea, trick'd out a tar so comely,
Tom met his friend upon the deck;
And see his wife, by love directed,
In man's attire Tom's steps attend:
Thus was he bless'd, when least expected,
With his dear wife and faithful friend.

True pleasures are for no one mortal:
A storm arose no skill could mock;
Tore masts away, strain'd every portal,
And bilged the vessel 'gainst a rock.
Torn the dear objects he had cherish'd,
His own life ebbing near its end,
He smiled in death, that he had perish'd
With his dear wife and faithful friend.

THE TIZZIES.

SAM SPLINT, Dick Douse, Ben Brace,
Tom Tow,
Four lads of worth and merit,
Were friends and messmates, who the foe
Would fight with spunk and spirit.
Sall Snags, Poll Plump, Bet Bounce, Nan Neat,
Were smart and handsome quizzies:
For these they fought, and, oh, how sweet
To bring 'em home the tizzies!

'Board of a smiling cot, so fair,
'Longside of Southsea Common,
These jolly sailors married were
Each to his favourite woman:
They kept the honey-moon with glee,
At last, with lengthened phizzes,
The signal given, they went to sea,
To get their wives the tizzies.

In every danger did they roam,
And cheerfully would risk it;
While, short allowanced, they at home
Had neither beef nor biscuit.
Where dangerous shoals and rocks abound,
And where the bullet whizzes,
Our sailors storms and shipwrecks found,
And everything but tizzies.

Meantime each wife, to honour true,
Labour'd in her vocation,
And round the happy cottage grew
Young tars to guard the nation:
At last the tide to turn began,
Success each sailor busies;
They took an Acapulco-man,
And brought their wives the tizzies.

And now was crown'd each sailor's joys,
The foe had cried peccavi;
And all the wives, some girls, some boys,
Had launch'd a growing navy.
Their labour done, they dance and sing,
And shout, with smiling phizzes,
Huzza! my lads! God save the King!
Who freights his tars with tizzies.

NOW SAFE MOOR'D.

NOW safe moor'd, with bowl before us,
Messmates, heave a hand with me;
Lend a brother sailor chorus,
While he sings our lives at sea.

O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,
Toss'd aloft or humbled low,
As to fear, 'tis all a notion—
When our time's come, we must go.

A HISTORY OF THE WAR.

WAS all how and about and concerning the war,
And the glory of Britain's bold navy;
And the different brushes, and what 'twas all for,
That the whistle of Fame had sung out sea and shore;
For when British bull-dogs begin for to roar,
French, and Spaniards, and Dutch cry peccavi.

For the war how it happen'd, and what 'twas about,
That's nothing to we—tars must do what they're bid;
So all I can tell you, the war once broke out,
They told us to lick 'em, and lick 'em we did.
As to order and such, you don't get that from me;
I shall, just as they come, speak of actions that's past:
So they did us but honour, as lords of the sea,
It don't matter a damn which came first or which last.

Why, now, there was Howe and the glorious first of June; then there was Jarvis, when he beat the Spaniards fifteen to twenty-seven; Duncan with his hard blows with the Dutch; Nelson, and the Nile; but, lud! 'tis nonsense to tell you about the grand affairs. Our great-grandchildren and their great-grandchildren will read about it, you know, in almanacks and things, just as people read of the hard

frost and the fire of London. It is the neat little brushes that I intends to talk to you about. There was Pellew and the Hamphin: don't you remember pegging away at that seventy-four, just for all the world like two school-boys licking a great hulking fellow? Then there was Fawkener: who would not have died like Fawkener? And then there was Cooke, in the East Indies—he fell nobly, too: damme if I would not as soon be Cooke as Fawkener. But avast! avast! there was another brave fellow—indeed, there was plenty of brave fellows, if that was all—but I mean Hood, in the Mars; just saw the Hercules strike, and died. Hollo! zounds, I shall be swabbing my bows if I go on at this rate; stay—what was there else? Oh, there was the brush with the La Pomone; and then, you know, Sir Sidney, he did some neat things; and then there was Trollope, in the Glutton; and there was, you know, there was—damme if I know what there was, but—

'Twas all how, &c.

As to me, I ain't learn'd, for I can't read or write:
  But what's writing or reading, or any such arts?
To find their due praise, for their country that fight,
  We must read from our mem'ries what's writ on
    our hearts.
Not that heroes e'er brag, or for flattery sue—
  True brav'ry was never yet known to be vain;
And the thanks and the honours, so nobly their due,
  By deeds, not by words, gallant Britons obtain.

Why, what could be so glorious, you know, as Pellew, when he took the Cleopatra, boarded her, and struck her colours? Then there was Saumarez,

off Cherbourg, took the Reunion, killed and wounded a hundred and twenty, without the loss of a single British seaman. Both knighted and barrow-knighted; that's right: some sense to fight for a country like this. In short, we worked them; we took Neptune, and Fortune, and Victory; but for the matter of that, we had all this on our side before. Then we took Liberty—that was just bringing coals to Newcastle, you know; Glory, ditto repeated; after that we took Immortality, but they did not care much about that; and then, at last, we took their Constitution—that was nonsense—we had a good constitution of our own. Then we took Resistance, and Freedom, and Fame, and Concord;—damme! we took almost everything from them but the palaver, and that they are welcome to. Well, then we took all the Saints from the Spaniards, and then we took from the Dutch—I don't know what the devil we took from the Dutch, with their cursed hard names, but—

'Twas all how and about and concerning the war,
And the glory of Britain's bold navy;
And the different brushes, and what 'twas all for,
That the whistle of Fame has sung out sea and shore:
For when British bull-dogs begin for to roar,
The prettiest shall soon cry peccavi.

THE SAILOR'S BRING-UP.

WHAT chance, my face set to the weather,
That if so be as I
In life takes roughs and smooths together?
We all of us must die.

And, since each subject in the nation
One common lot must share,
What argufies consideration
Of how, or when, or where?
Then sport the grog, and laugh at sorrow!
Let every heart be sound;
Nor care a rope's-end, though to-morrow
We all are outward bound.

Just hear the chaplain's story, glowing
With all that's good and wise;
He swabs his bows, while tears are flowing—
The scuppers are his eyes.
He talks in terms to melt a lubber;
And then he'll preach and pray,
So moving, one could almost blubber;—
But that's all in his way.
Come, sport the grog, &c.

Now, we'd a chaplain, rum and jolly,
And holy, too, though free,
That said all grieving is a folly;
And said besides, says he,
"That tar, though he may love droll stories
Of fun and gig and sport,
In's king, and wife, and friend who glories,
Will find in heaven a port!"
Then sport the grog, &c.

A messmate now, should breakers catch him,
And gasping should he lay,
To whimper, or from death to snatch him,
Pray which is the best way?

No, lads! in spite of every railer,
  Who succours all he can
Will prove not only the best sailor,
  But, I say, the best man.
    Then sport the grog, &c.

Mercy is nature in a tar,
  And best becomes the brave;
He'll rush where death and danger jar,
  And conquer but to save.
You'll hear from every one you meet
  The blow on France we've hurl'd;—
They're drubb'd; we've nabb'd the Russian fleet,
  And saved, perhaps, the world.
    Then sport the grog, &c.

HARK! THE BOATSWAIN.

HARK! the boatswain hoarsely bawling—
  By topsail sheets and haulyards stand, boys;
Down top-gallants, down be hauling;
Down your stay-sails—hand, boys—hand, boys!
  Now set the braces—
  Don't make wry faces—
But the lee topsail sheet let go.
  Starboard here, larboard there;
  Turn your quid, take a swear—yo, yo, yo!

As the tide flows, so time passes;—
  Life's too short to lose a day, boys:
Load your guns, lads—charge your glasses;
  Point your bumpers—fire away, boys!

A full broadside pour
To those girls on shore
Who let sailors take them in tow.
Starboard here, &c.

Though the tempest swells the billows,
Clear the decks—come, drink about, boys;
Punch-bowls here we'll make our pillows—
Ne'er heed the wind without, boys!
Though the ship may roll,
Heave the lead, sound the bowl,
Mark above water thus we go.
Starboard here, &c.

THE IRISH SAILOR.

OH! to hand, reef, and steer, is the thing sailors prize!
When we'd toast Bet and Poll on some shammock,
I'd hand round the glass, take a reef in my eyes,
And steer in short trips to my hammock,
Fait! honey, they'd call me the pride of the ship,
Wid my hornpipe so nate and so frisky:
Then on Saturday night, fait! I'd make 'em such flip,
Oh! the best in the world except whiskey!
Sing the perils of tars, that lead such happy lives,
Wid their foes and their friends, and their sweethearts and wives!

You'd be charm'd to the life, were it not for your fears,
Though of danger and death in the middle,
To hear the sweet billows so bodder your ears,
As they play a duet with the fiddle.

Then though shot-holes and leaks leave wide open
Death's doors,
And the chances against you are various,
Storms are all gig and fun—but for breakers and
shores;
Fights are safe—were they not so precarious.
Sing the perils, &c.

Why, one day, as I tumbled down plump from the
shrouds,
As neat as a bird or a fairy,
"Where the devil did you come from?" cried one—
"from the clouds?"
"Did I come from?—Arrah fait! Tipperary."
Then that time when we sail'd wid the wind in our
mouth,
Old Boreas to keep to his tether,
Fait! the compass I cunningly nail'd to the south,
That we always might sail in fine weather.
Sing the perils, &c.

WHAT IF THE SAILOR BOLDLY GOES?

WHAT if the sailor boldly goes,
To distant climates bound—
Braves wind from every point that blows
The varying compass round?
No longer when compell'd to rove,
To make him rich amends,
As the needle true, he finds his love,
His country, and his friends.

Thus every danger life endures,
May to o'erwhelm him come,
Trouble at sea only insures
Pleasure that waits at home:
He braves the storm, that calm to prove
Propitious Fortune sends;
As the needle true to find his love,
His country, and his friends.

NELSON AND WARREN.

SAY my heart, why here's your works!
The French have it now with the gravy;
Why, what between the English and Turks,
They'll lose both their army and navy.
Bold Nelson went out with determinate view
To keep up our national glory;
So of thirteen large ships he left Mounseer but two,
Just to tell the Direct'ry the story.
Then of England, and England's brave tars, let us sing,
As true as the keel to the kelson;
Let's be loyal to honour, to truth, and the king,
And drink to the Navy and Nelson.

To destroy, burn, and sink, his orders were;
And by heart he so perfectly got 'em,
That some he took, some blow'd up in the air,
And some he sent to the bottom:
So you see the despatches was easily stow'd,
'Twas no use with a hist'ry to charge 'em;
He'd occasion for only the old-fashion mode—
Taken, burnt, and destroy'd, as per marjum.
Then of England, &c.

So "ship to ship" was next the word;
Master Brueys, how sweet they did sarve him;
For when a bold Briton sits down to his bird,
He pretty well knows how to carve him:
Thus with one of his precious limbs shot away,
Bold Nelson know'd well how to nick 'em;
So as for the French, 'tis as much as to say,
We can tie up one hand, and then lick 'em.
Then of England, &c.

But with France 'tis all up, they are meeting their fate;
They've thrown down their basket of crockery;
And vengeance like this will o'ertake, soon or late,
All who make of religion a mockery.
Then of England, that wonderful country, sing,
Where we've thousands of joys, if we need 'em;
Mild laws that protect us, a Protestant King,
Lovely women, grog, biscuit, and freedom.
Then of England, &c.

But while we're about it, let's loudly blend
The names of both Nelson and Warren;
And be thankful to Heav'n there must soon be an end
To wars, both domestic and foreign.
While Fame shall sing out the glad news with a smile,
Let the thundering roar of our cannon
Speak our valorous acts from the mouth of the Nile,
All the way to the banks of the Shannon.
Then of England, &c.

DUNCAN AND VICTORY.

AGAIN the willing trump of fame
Receives from bounteous Heaven a claim
Around glad Nature's sons to call,
And wake with wonder the terrestrial ball:
Strike shudd'ring France, and harrow'd Spain,
With Duncan's thunder, and Britannia's reign,
Confirm'd, anew, her empire o'er the main,
Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what Fate has given,
Union, content, and gratitude to Heaven.

October the eleventh, at nine,
Neptune beheld the British line:
And, lest his honours, so long worn,
Should from our ever-conquering flag be torn,
Dismay to France, horror to Spain,
Bade Duncan's thunder great Britannia's reign
Proclaim anew—the sovereign of the main.
Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

Fate warr'd on that momentous day—
Three hours nine ships saw captured lay:
Vain Holland's dream of power's no more!
Her conquer'd fleet shall grace the British shore.
Droop, fearful France—sink, trembling Spain,
Duncan, in thunder, great Britannia's reign
Proclaims anew—the sovereign of the main.
Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

A SALT EEL FOR MYNHEER.

WHY, Jack, my fine fellow, here's glorious news—
Lord, I could have told 'em as much;
That the devil himself durst not stand in their shoes
If Duncan fell in with the Dutch!
What heart in the kingdom can now feel dismay?
Nine sail of the line!—not amiss;
While they shrug up their shoulders and snuff away,
How the Mounseers will jabber at this:
No! while English bosoms boast English hearts,
We'll tip 'em all round a touch;
While with ardour each starts that nothing can quench,
We'll bang the Spaniards,
Belabour the Dutch,
And block up and laugh at the French.

Now the French while in harbour so snug and so sly,
'Bout their courage they make a fine rout;
If they'd have the whole world not believe it a lie,
Then, damme, why don't they come out?
Because, though they brag that so boldly they feel,
They are all of them trembling for fear,
Lest from Bridport they get such another salt eel,
As brave Duncan prepared for Mynheer.
No, while, &c.

Let French, Spanish, and Dutch lay together their heads,
And of beating the English brag;
That they'll sail up the Thames, take us all in our beds,
And hoist on the Tower their flag:
"Oui, oui," cries Mounseer; "Si, Signor," says the Don;
Mynheer smokes his pipe and cries "Yaw;"
But when Jervis, or Duncan, or Bridport come on,
They are damnably sick in the craw.
No, while, &c.

Your true honest maxim I've heard them commend,
Is the nation you live in to sing:
Where your property, children, your wife, and your friend,
Are the care of their father the King;
The man then, so bless'd, who disseminates strife,
Deserves, while he sinks in disgrace,
Neither king to protect him, to love him a wife,
Nor children to smile in his face.
No, while, &c.

TACK AND TACK.

ADIEU, my gallant sailor! obey thy duty's call,—
Though false the sea, there's truth ashore;
Till nature is found changing, thou'rt sure of constant Poll:
And yet, as now, we sever,
Ah! much I fear that never
Shall I, alas! behold thee more!"

Jack kiss'd her, hitch'd his trowsers, and hied him to begone,
Weigh'd anchor, and lost sight of shore:
Next day a brisk south-wester a heavy gale brought on:
"Adieu," cried Jack, "for ever,
For much I fear that never
Shall I, sweet Poll, behold you more."

Poll heard that to the bottom was sunk her honest tar,
And for a while lamented sore;
At length, cried she, "I'll marry; what should I tarry for?
I may lead apes for ever;—
Jack's gone, and never, never
Shall I, alas, behold him more!"

Jack safe and sound returning, sought out his faithful Poll:
"Think you," cried she, "that false I swore?
I'm constant still as ever—'tis nature's changed, that's all;
And thus we part for ever,
For never, sailor, never
Shall I behold you more!"

"If, as you say, that nature, like winds, can shift and veer,
About-ship for a kinder shore;
I heard the trick you play'd me, and so, d'ye see, my dear,
To a kind heart for ever
I've spliced myself, so never
Shall I, false Poll, behold you more."

TIGHT LADS OF THE OCEAN.

SING of that life of delight beyond measure,
That tars calmly lead on the boisterous main;
Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleasure,
And where men lose their lives, a sure fortune to gain;
Where you fear no diseases but sickness and scurvy;
Where the water stinks sweetly by way of a zest;
Where you walk on your legs, when you're not topsy-turvy;
And where, though you sleep soundly, you're never at rest!
Then push round the can—oh! you have not a notion
Of sailors, their grog, and their sweethearts and wives!
Ah! give me, my soul, the tight lads of the ocean,
Who, though they're so wretched, lead such happy lives.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the middle,
That so dash, and so whistle, and bodder your ears,
And play a duet with the tar's song and fiddle,
So sweetly that sounds, and that nobody hears:
Then to see the tight lads, how they laugh at a stranger
Who fears billows can drown, and nine-pounders can kill!
For you're safe, sure enough, were you not in such danger,
And might loll at your ease, if you could but sit still,
Then push round the can, &c.

What of perils that, always the same, are so various,
And though shot-holes and leaks leave wide open
Death's doors?
Devil a risk's in a battle, were't not so precarious;
Storms were all gig and fun, but for breakers and
shores:
In short, a tar's life—you may say that I told it—
Who leaves quiet and peace, foreign countries to
roam,
Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,
The best life in the world, next to staying at home.
Then push round the can, &c.

LIFE'S A TROUBLED SEA.

THIS life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm a-weather or a-lee,
The ship will neither stay nor wear,
But drives, of every rock in fear:
All seamanship in vain we try,
We cannot keep her steadily;
But, just as Fortune's wind may blow,
The vessel's tosticated to and fro:
Yet, come but love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stored
No storm can overwhelm:
Still blows in vain
The hurricane,
While love is at the helm.

THE CANARY BIRD.

SINCE fate of sailors hourly varies,
Lest doubts should wound my anxious breast,
This pretty bird, from the Canaries,
Jack brought, to set my heart at rest:
"His life is charm'd, and when with sadness,"
Cried he, "his notes he mournful gives,
Then cherish care,
Indulge despair;
But sweetly, if they thrill with gladness,
Rejoice, and know your lover lives:
Attentive mark!
Hark! hark!
Rejoice, and know your lover lives."

Each hour, while my poor bosom flutters,
Relying on my lover's word,
Anxious to hear the song he utters,
I listen to my pretty bird:
But, thanks to Heaven! never with sadness
Has he yet mourn'd; even now he gives
(To silence care,
And chase despair,)
His sprightly notes with joy and gladness;
And thus I know my lover lives.
Attentive mark!
Hark! hark!
'Tis thus I know my lover lives.

But see, he's here! my heart's contented—
  Sweet warbler, truly didst thou speak.
"Dear love!" cried Jack, "'twas all invented,
  Lest thy poor heart my fate might break.
Love taught the cheat, to cheer thy sadness,
  And cheats of love true love forgives;
    This anxious care
    Heal'd thy despair;
Birds always sing with joy and gladness;
  Thy love to thee and honour lives:
    Attentive mark!
    Hark! hark!
  Thy love to thee and honour lives."

THE FORECASTLE-MAN.

YOUR finikin sirs may in finery appear,
  Disdaining such tars as can hand, reef, and steer;
  On the deck, spruce as tailors, may cautiously tread,
And live at the stern, without minding the head.
  Old tough experienced sailors know,
    Where'er they take their trip,
  Whether rising on mountains, or sinking below,
    The forecastle mans the ship.

Your delicate fresh-water masters may treat
With dainties, and like guttling aldermen eat,
Turn cabins to drawing-rooms, sleep on a bed,
And despise English biscuit, to nibble French bread,
  Old tough, &c.

THE SAPLING.

N either eye a lingering tear,
His love and duty well to prove,
Jack left his wife and children dear,
Impell'd by honour and by love;
And as he loiter'd, wrapp'd in care,
A sapling in his hand he bore,
Curiously carved, in letters fair—
"Love me! ah, love me evermore!"

At leisure to behold his worth,
Tokens, and rings, and broken gold,
He plunged the sapling firm in earth,
And o'er and o'er his treasure told;
The letters spelt, the kindness traced,
And all affection's precious store,
Each with the favourite motto graced—
"Love me! ah, love me evermore!"

While on this anxious task employ'd,
Tender remembrance all his care,
His ears are suddenly annoy'd—
The boatswain's whistle cleaves the air:
'Tis duty calls; his nerves are braced;
He rushes to the crowded shore,
Leaving the sapling, in his haste,
That bids him love for evermore.

The magic branch thus unreclaim'd,
Far off at sea, no comfort near,
His thoughtless haste he loudly blamed,
With many a sigh and many a tear;—

Yet why act this unmanly part?
The words the precious relic bore,
Are they not mark'd upon my heart?—
"Love me! ah, love me evermore!"

Escaped from treacherous waves and winds,
That three years he had felt at sea,
A wondrous miracle he finds—
The sapling is become a tree.
A goodly head that graceful rears,
Enlarged the trunk, enlarged the core;
And on the rind enlarged appears,
"Love me! ah, love me evermore!"

While gazing on the spell-like charms
Of this most wonderful of trees,
His Nancy rushes to his arms,
His children cling about his knees.
Increased in love, increased in size,
Taught from the mother's tender store,
Each little urchin, lisping, cries—
"Love me! ah, love me evermore!"

Amazement seized the admiring crowd;—
"My children!" cried a village seer,
"These signs, though mute, declare aloud
The hand of Providence is here,
Whose hidden, yet whose sure decrees
For those its succour who implore,
Can still the tempest, level seas,
And crown true love for evermore."

LOVE'S PROBATION.

IS said that love, the more 'tis tried,
Grows firmer, and lasts longer;
And when distress the knot has tied,
'Tis closer knit, and stronger.
She who with love's best joys would fain
That Fate should thus regale her,
Must share the peril and the pain
That mark the gallant sailor.

To hope in vain, in vain to sigh,
Deep sorrow to dissemble,
To shudder at each low'ring sky,
At every breeze to tremble,
While neither wishes, prayers, nor tears,
To ease her mind avail her—
These dreadful trials speak her fears
Who loves a gallant sailor.

And now, her mis'ries to refine,
To Fate she's forced to yield him;
For, with swoll'n eyes, she spells the line
Where newspapers have kill'd him:
This is the last of her alarms;
Cease, lovers, to bewail her;—
He comes! and in her trembling arms
She holds her gallant sailor.

THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

THE storm had ceas'd, the vessel, striving,
Lay on the frightful breakers, torn,
When, scarcely the drown'd crew surviving,
Jack pined his destiny forlorn:
"Where are those friends whom late I cherish'd,
That manly, noble, honest band?
Ah! do I live, my messmates perish'd,
To wail them in a foreign land?

"Where is my love, my charming Kitty?
Alas! unmindful of my grief,
To others' woes she gives her pity,
Nor thinks her Jack most wants relief.
But see what numbers curious thronging,
To view our mis'ry, crowd the strand;
Hard fate's perhaps my life prolonging
For murder in a foreign land.

"But do my flatt'ring eyes deceive me?
Or, if they do, what outstretch'd arms
Are these thus tender'd to relieve me?—
'Tis she! 'tis she! in all her charms.
My faith and truth, to so much beauty,
Fate, to reward, with partial hand
This pattern sends of love and duty,
To save me in a foreign land!"

HONESTY IN TATTERS.

THIS here's what I does—I, d'ye see, forms a notion
That our troubles, our sorrows, and strife,
Are the winds and the billows that ferment the ocean,
As we work through the passage of life:
And, for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should founder,
To lament, and to weep, and to wail,
Is a pop-gun that tries to outroar a nine-pounder,
All the same as a whiff in a gale.
Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near starved me,
And my togs are all ragged and queer,
Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had served me,
Or caused ruined beauty a tear.

Now there, t'other day, when my messmate deceived me,
Stole my rhino, my chest, and our Poll,
Do you think in revenge, while their treachery grieved me,
I a court-martial call'd?—Not at all.
This here on the matter was my way of argu'ing—
'Tis true, they han't left me a cross;
A vile wife and false friend, though, are gone by the bargain,
So the gain, d'ye see's more than the loss.
For though fortune's a jilt and has pretty, &c.

The heart's all;—when that's built as it should, sound and clever,
We go 'fore the wind like a fly;
But if rotten and crank, you may luff up for ever,
You'll always sail in the wind's eye:
With palaver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off;
I'm adrift;—let it blow, then, great guns,
A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemman's head off,
I takes life rough and smooth as it runs.
Content, though hard fortune, &c.

THE PRESSGANG.

OH! where will you hurry my dearest?
Say, say, to what clime or what shore?
You tear him from me, the sincerest
That ever loved mortal before.
Ah! cruel, hard-hearted to press him,
And force the dear youth from my arms!
Restore him, that I may caress him,
And shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,
And make but a scoff at my woes:
You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,
I'll follow wherever he goes.
Think not of the merciless ocean,
My soul any terror can brave;
For, soon as the ship makes its motion,
So soon shall the sea be my grave.

THE VETERAN IN RETIREMENT.

HOUGH laid up in port, I am not outward bound;
In my upper works there's nothing ailing;
My rudder and compass are both safe and sound,
And if call'd on, I'm ready for sailing.
I am decently stored with the comforts of life;
Have friends just what number I fancy;
And, what's more, I've a berth in the heart of my wife—
My lovely, my valuable Nancy.

I well know that weevils and rats play me pranks,
At my cost who are eating and drinking;
This nibbles my biscuits, that gnaws at my planks,
And would fly off at once were I sinking;
Lord help the poor things!—they can't hurt my good name;
Let them pilch, then, away to their fancy:
They may pilfer my money, injure my fame,
But they never can rob me of Nancy.

As well may the French kick against Dover rock,
That keeps ev'ry threat at a distance:
All folly I pity, at slander I mock,
And I envy no one in existence.
And when I am boarded by grim Captain Death,
No sorrow shall trouble my fancy;
I'll strike like a man, and yield up my last breath
In a prayer for the health of my Nancy.

THE BEST BOWER-ANCHOR.

I HAVE oftentimes thought it a wondersome thing
That landsmen should pity us tars,
And talk of the hardships that hurricanes bring,
And quicksands, and tempests, and wars:
The idiots forget they're as bad off as we;
That they run as much danger, or more—
In what respect safer than we are at sea,
I'd ask, are your lubbers ashore?
No, no; when Death comes, we shall all hear him call;
What then? the same Providence watches for all.

Mayn't a tile from a house, or a tumble downstairs,
Or a fall from a horse, or a blow,
Or a surfeit, you know, take him back unawares,
More specious, when groggy or so?
Mayn't fevers, and agues, and gout, and they things,
Prove than battles more worse or as bad?
We hearties at sea are as happy as kings,
We've no sickness;—besides, if we had,
Death will come when he will; what then? Let him call;
The same gen'rous Providence watches for all.

We all of grim Death shall some time make the port:
He'll be sure to fetch up our lee-way;
And little it matters if life's long or short,
Whether seven years hence, or to-day.
We are all born to die; there's no harm to be said,
'Tis he who dies best is the thing;

And I ax which is noblest—to die in one's bed,
Or while fighting for country and king?
Only just do your duty, you'll find, should Death call,
The same merciful Providence watches for all.

YE FREE-BORN SONS.

YE free-born sons, Britannia's boast,
Firm as your rock-surrounded coast;
Ye sov'reigns of the sea;
On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Fair conquest celebrates your name,
Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,
The lads who dare be free.

Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,
I scorn with Liberty to joke,
Ye sov'reigns of the sea;
Assist, uphold your Church and State,
Your great men good, your good men great,
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
And jolly join in faction's spite,
Then, then, my friends, you're free!

WELL IT'S NO WORSE.

I WENT to sea all so fearlessly,
Broach'd my grog all so carelessly,
By and by, in a brush, I lost my arm,
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So, says I,

'Twas well 'twas no worse harm:
Man's but man, and there's an end;
And since 'tis so,
E'en let it go:
I ne'er shall lift it 'gainst a friend.

Next, a squall a tempest led off,
Enough to blow the devil's head off;
I got spilt, and that way lost my leg:
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So, says I,
I must now be forced to beg:
Well, man's but man, that's all I say;
So in this plight,
If I can't fight,
For certain I can't run away.

So, as if Old Nick was in it,
Something happened every minute,
Till, at last, poor I! they doused my glims:
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So, says I,
Why, I've lost my eyes and limbs:
Well, the sails of life by time are furl'd!
'Twas fate's decree,
That I mayn't see
The treachery of this wicked world.

Things grew worser still and worser;
Fortune, I had cause to curse her;
Coming home, I found I'd lost my wife:
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So, says I,
I'd rather lost my life:

But we're all mortal—she was old;
Then why take on?
If so be she's gone,
I ne'er again shall hear her scold.

Now laid up in Greenwich quarter,
Chatham chest my right, by charter,
Being old, I've lost all but my tongue:
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So, says I,
'Twas not so when I *was young*:
But, then, says I again, you dunce!
Be fear afar
From every tar;
Damme, a man can die but once!

JERVIS FOR EVER.

I'VE sailed the salt seas pretty much,
And rough'd it in all weathers,
The French, the Spanish, and the Dutch,
To buckle to their tethers.
And in each voyage I must need,
You see, have known some service;
But all I've know'd and all I've seed
Is now outdone by Jervis!

You've heard, I s'pose, the people talk
Of Benbow and Boscawen,
Of Anson, Pocock, Vernon, Hawke,
And many more then going;

All pretty lads, and brave, and rum,
That seed much noble service;
But, Lord, their merit's all a hum,
Compared with Admiral Jervis!

Now there's the famous ninety-two,
That made so great a bustle,
When the Rising Sun and her whole crew
Were all sent down by Russell:
A glorious sight, I've heard them say,
And pretty was the service,
But not like that on Voluntun's Day,
Led on by valiant Jervis.

Bold Rodney did the kingdom thank
For that brush in the West Indies,
And Parker, on the Dogger Bank,
The Dutch beat off the hinges.
Van Tromp said how he'd sweep the sea,
'Till Blake show'd him some service;
Fine fellows all, but don't tell me
That they're the likes of Jervis!

Howe made the Frenchman dance a tune,
An admiral great and glorious—
Witness for that the first of June,
Lord, how he was victorious!
A noble sight as e'er was seen,
And did the country service;
But twenty-seven beat with fifteen
None ever did but Jervis!

As for that same equality,
That this battle well was fighted,

In England high and low degree
Are equally delighted.
'Tis in the mouth of all one meets,
All praise this noble service;
And ballad-singers in the streets
Roars, Admirable Jervis!

They say that he's become a lord,
At his Majesty's desire;
He always was a king aboard,
How can they lift him higher?
'Tis noble, that must be confess'd,
And suits such worthy service;
But the title he'll be known by best
Will be, Gallant Admiral Jervis!

To Thompson let the bumbo pass,
Grey, Parker, Walgrave, Caulder,
Nelson that took St. Nicholas—
My timbers, how he maul'd her!
But we a freight of grog might start,
To drink all on that service;—
Here's blessing on each noble heart
That fought with valiant Jervis!

And bless the king, and bless the queen,
And bless the family royal;
Let Frenchmen come, 'twill soon be seen
That British hearts are loyal.
Let Dutch and Spaniards join their hosts,
They'll see some pretty service;
Zounds! who's afraid, while England boasts
Such Admirals as Jervis?

THE VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR.

COME, messmates, rejoice! for old England, so glorious
A victory never was seen:
We've often o'er five, nine, eleven, been victorious,
But now we have taken nineteen:
Yet 'twas earn'd by a wound that for years will want healing—
A wound, that on sea or on shore
Every Briton shall mourn with one heart and one feeling—
Our hero, great Nelson's no more!

I sail'd with him often in pretty hard service,
More than once saw him wounded, and smile:
I was there when he gain'd such renown under Jervis,
And he pepper'd the French on the Nile.
I heard his last words, that so grieved each bystander,
Words sounding so mournful and sweet,
'Twas his "Love and farewell"—Damme! there's a commander!—
"To each brother tar in the fleet."

But he's gone! and so nobly the French and the Spaniards
Shall be lather'd, fore, aft, back, and sides,
That we'll not leave a rope from the shrouds to the lanyards,
For in fighting we'll work double tides.

And the notion's a right one;—oh! where's such another?
We've lost—why, the 'count's without end!—
The King a great subject, each sailor a brother,
And every Briton a friend!

Not that one of our leaders to honour wants pressing;
For wherever our jack is unfurl'd,
'Tis on all hands allow'd, as this country's best blessing,
England's tars are the pride of the world.
See the diff'rence in men!—Nelson, manly and hearty,
Is mourn'd through the land by each voice;
Had the shot been commission'd to strike Bonyparte,
Oh, how every land would rejoice!

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

BE the great twenty-first of October recorded,
In the mem'rable year eighteen hundred and five;
May each hero that fell his true praise be awarded,
While one single oak on this isle shall survive.
Nelson led the gallant van!
Nelson France and Spain defied;
Nelson spoke—the fight began;
Nelson, matchless hero! died.
Commemorate this first of men!
Hang laurels on the cypress-bough!
Each Briton did his duty then—
Let Britons do their duty now!

The bold Royal Sovereign, with best satisfaction,
The admiring fleet saw all others outstrip!
Cried our hero, "How gallantly first into action
That fine fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship!"
And now the Spanish line was broke;
Destruction all around was hurl'd;
The Vict'ry's fire involved in smoke
The largest ship in all the world,
The British lion left his den;
And from the taffrail to the prow
Each Briton did his duty then—
Let Britons do their duty now!

Ne'er with such fatal fury did devastation rattle!
Yards, masts, and rigging, reeling hulls, and every hold,
Felt English vengeance, as, through this dreadful battle,
Our murd'rous double-shotted broadsides told.
At length a cloud involved the day!—
A cloud that might to all impart
Dread fear, could Britons know dismay—
A bullet reach'd our hero's heart!
And now the battle raged again;
Revenge was seated on each brow:
Each Briton did his duty then—
Let Britons do their duty now!

Fierce rage and noble vengeance each bosom inspiring,
Dress'd out in grisly terrors, pervaded the decks;
And while the wondering Fates were each hero admiring,
Eighteen crippled vessels were little more than wrecks.

And now, from friends and country torn,
Great Nelson's spirit takes its way,
On wings of fame and glory borne
To mansions of eternal day!
Commemorate this first of men!
Hang laurels on the cypress-bough;
Each Briton did his duty then—
Let Britons do their duty now!

THE ARRIVAL OF NELSON'S CORPSE.

AH, hark! the signals round the coast
Proclaim the great event
That gave all hearts to grieve and boast,
To joy and to lament.
Great Nelson's corse arrives in sight,
Victorious e'en in death;
Who, living, did his country right,
Who, dying, gave her breath.

For did not fame the tidings tell
That laid him on his bier,
The foe whom nothing could repel,
Had ventured to come here:
But now may peace, that balm devout,
Be laid to every breast;
His mighty deeds have fear and doubt
For ever set at rest!

PEACEFUL SLUMB'RING ON THE OCEAN.

From the "Castle Spectre." Music by STORACE.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh;
The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
Soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no dangers they descry;
The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

REV. C. KINGSLEY.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west;
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;

For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast;
And heavily laboured the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;

And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Except when the lightning illumed it in wrath.
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God 'mid the hurricane wild,
"Oh, Father! have mercy, look down on my child."
It passed.—The fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
And the ship like an arrow divided the spray;
Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the breeze up aloft seemed to whistle a tune.
There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed her fond babe to her
breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rock'd it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
"Oh! happy," said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore,
Already, in fancy, its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky,
Its garden so green and its vine-cover'd wall,
The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree."
Ah! gently the ship glided over the sea.
Hark! what was that? Hark, hark, to the shout!
Fire!—Then a tramp—and a rout—
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down—and the half-spoken
prayer
That she offer'd to God in her agony wild
Was "Father, have mercy, look down on my child."
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side,
Oh! there was her refuge whate'er might betide.

Fire! fire! it was raging above and below.
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light;
'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip,
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship!
And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher!
Oh God! it is fearful to perish by fire!
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
Great Father of mercy, our hope is in Thee!
Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered the boat—a mere speck on the wave.
First entered the mother enfolding her child,
It knew she caressed it, looked upwards and smiled!
Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway, the day;
And they prayed for the light, and at noontide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
"Ho! a sail! ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee,
"Ho! a sail!" and they turn'd their glad eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us! They see us! The signal is waved!
They bear down upon us! Thank God! we are saved!"

ENGLISH ALE.

From "The Myrtle and the Vine."

D'YE mind me? I once was a sailor,
And in different countries I've been,
If I lie, may I go for a tailor!
But a thousand fine sights I have seen;

I've been cramm'd with good things like a wallet,
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale;
But the very best stuff to my palate
Is a glass of your English good ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
And ladies may talk of their tea;
But I envy them none of their potions—
A glass of good stingo for me!
The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
But my recipe never will fail,
For the physic that cures all diseases
Is a bumper of English good ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,
Why, there I had plenty of grog;
And I liked it, because I'd a notion
It sets one's good spirits agog;
But since upon land I've been steering,
Experience has alter'd my tale,
For nothing on earth is so cheering
As a bumper of English good ale.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone:

By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path;
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! Again! Again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:
Then ceased, and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save!
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose,
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise,
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou;

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave;
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

From the "Comedy of Common Conditions," 1576.

USTILY, *lustily, lustily let us sail forth,*
The wind trim doth serve us, it blows
from the north.

All things we have ready and nothing we want
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby;
Victuals and weapons they be nothing scant,
Like worthy mariners ourselves we will try.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

Her flags be now trimmed, set flaunting aloft,
Our ship for swift swimming, oh! she doth excel;
We fear no enemies, we have 'scaped them oft;
Of all ships that swimmeth she beareth the bell.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

And here is a master excelleth in skill,
And our master's mate he is not to seek;
And here is a boatswain will do his good will,
And here is a ship, boy, we never had leak.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

If fortune then fail not, and our next voyage prove,
We will return merrily, and make good cheer,
And hold altogether as friends link'd in love,
The cans shall be fill'd with wine, ale, and beer.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

THE MARINER'S GLEE.

From "Deuteromelia; or, the Second Part of Musick's Melodie," &c. 1609.

E be three poor mariners
Newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at ease.
Shall we go dance the round, around,
Shall we go dance the round?
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on the ground.

We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain;
But we care for those merchant men
That do our states maintain.
To them we dance this round, around,
To them we dance this round;
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on the ground.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

JOHN GAY, *born* 1688, *died* 1732. *The music arranged by* LEVERIDGE, *but adapted by him from an older melody.*

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
"Oh, where shall I my true love find,
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as the well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall always true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay on board—
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu!" she cried, and waved her lily hand.

HEARTS OF OAK.

DAVID GARRICK, *born* 1716, *died* 1779.
The music by DR. ARNE.

COME cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year.
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Hearts of oak are our ships,
Gallant tars are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, or run them ashore,
For, if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, our beaux,

But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
Her standard is justice, her watchword, "Be free."
Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing
"Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king."
Hearts of oak, &c.

THE ORIGIN OF GUNPOWDER.

THOMAS DIBDIN'S "*English Fleet.*" *Music by* JOHN BRAHAM.

HEN Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove
In Etna's roaring glow,
Neptune petition'd he might prove
Their use and power below;
But finding in the boundless deep
Their thunders did but idly sleep,
He with them arm'd Britannia's hand,
To guard from foes her native land.

Long may she hold the glorious right;
And when through circling flame
She darts her thunder in the fight,
May justice guide her aim!
And when opposed in future wars,
Her soldiers brave and gallant tars
Shall launch her fires from every hand
On every foe to Britain's land.

ALL'S WELL.

THOMAS DIBDIN'S "*English Fleet.*" *Music by* JOHN BRAHAM.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless gloom,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round;
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way:
"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell."
"A friend." "The word?" "Good night."
"All's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homewards veer
Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
"What cheer? Brother, quickly tell."
"Above." "Below." "Good night." "All's well."

THE ARETHUSA.

By PRINCE HOARE, *born* 1754, *died* 1834. *Music by* SHIELD, *in the Opera of* "*The Lock and Key.*"

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold—
Huzza to the Arethusa!

She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave,
Her men are staunch
To their favourite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire
Sooner than strike we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in shore so about,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie—
The Arethusa seem'd to fly:
Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack;
Though the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff;
But they knew not the handful of men how tough
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, "Ho!"
The Frenchman then cried out, "Hollo!"
"Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee."
"No, no!" says the Frenchman, "that can't be."
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land;
We forced them back upon the strand;

For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his fav'rite lass,
A health to the captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

EVERY BULLET HAS ITS BILLET.

ANONYMOUS.

I'M a tough true-hearted sailor,
Careless and all that, d'ye see,
Never at the times a railer—
What is time or tide to me?
All must die when fate shall will it,
Providence ordains it so:
Every bullet has its billet—
Man the boat, boys.—Yo, heave yo!

Life's at best a sea of trouble,
He who fears it is a dunce;
Death to me's an empty bubble,
I can never die but once.
Blood, if duty bids, I'll spill it;
Yet I have a tear for woe:
Every bullet has its billet—
Man the boat, boys.—Yo, heave yo!

Shrouded in a hammock, glory
  Celebrates the falling brave;
Oh, how many, famed in story,
  Sleep below in ocean's cave!
Bring the can, boys—let us fill it;
  Shall we shun the fight? Oh, no!
Every bullet has its billet—
  Man the boat, boys.—Yo, heave yo!

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

Late Master Attendant at Jamaica Dock-yard. He died at Malta, 1840. *This song is sometimes attributed to Hood, sometimes to Charles Dibdin.*

ONE night came on a hurricane,
  The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slew'd his quid
  And said to Billy Bowline:
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill,
  Hark! don't ye hear it roar now!
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
  Unhappy folks on shore now!

Fool-hardy chaps as live in towns,
  What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
  For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creturs, how they envies us,
  And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm
  To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them that's out all day,
On business, from their houses,
And late at night returning home
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"Both you and I have ofttimes heard
How men are kill'd and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves and fire, in London.
We know what risks these landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors,
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

THE LAND, BOYS, WE LIVE IN.

From the "Myrtle and the Vine," Vol. II. Music by W. Reeve.

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been preparing,
'Tis clear they consider we've something worth sharing,
And for that mean to visit our shore;
It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,
And though 'twill be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,
We must try how they'll take it once more.
So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast given—
Here's England for ever, the land, boys, we live in!
So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast given—
Here's England for ever, huzza.

Here's a health to our tars on the wide ocean ranging,
Perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging—
We'll on shipboard and join in the fight;
And when with the foe we are firmly engaging,
Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
On our country we'll think with delight:
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory was seated,
Long, long may our king by his people be greeted;
Oh! to guard him we'll be of one mind.
May religion, law, order be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were intended,
In union the nation to bind!
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

THE MID-WATCH.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.—*Music by* W. LINLEY.

HEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailors think of their far-distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again;
But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,
Think only should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
  Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
  And sighs to think how it may fare with you;
    Or, when the fight's begun,
    You, serving at your gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
  Think only, should the day be won,
    How 'twill cheer
    Her heart to hear
  That her old companion he was one.

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

From the "Convivial Songster," 1782.

COME, bustle, bustle, drink about,
  And let us merry be;
Our can is full, we'll see it out,
  And then all hands to sea.
And a sailing we will go, will go,
And a sailing we will go.

Fine miss at dancing-school is taught
  The minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
  The fore-tack to cat-head.
    And a sailing, &c.

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
  And swiftly rides the race;
But swifter far we shape our course
  When we are giving chase.
    And a sailing, &c.

When horns and shouts the forest rend
The pack the huntsmen cheer;
As loud we holloa when we send
A broadside to *Mounseer*.
And a sailing, &c.

With gold and silver streamers fine,
The ladies' rigging show;
But English ships more grandly shine,
When prizes home we tow.
And a sailing, &c.

What's got at sea, we spend on shore
With sweethearts and with wives,
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,
Thus sailors pass their lives.
And a sailing they do go, do go,
And a sailing they do go.

'TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

GAY.—*From the "What d'ye call it."*

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover—
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah, what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

"The merchant robb'd of pleasure
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping—
His floating corse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

THE STORM.*

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS, *died* 1784, *often attributed to* FALCONER.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
List ye landsmen all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
Quick the topsail-sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

* [The 2nd vol. of the "Naval Chronicle" strangely enough asserts that this song is Falconer's, "but has been long given with singular injustice to Stevens." The reverse is however the fact.]

The topsail yards point to the wind, boys,
  See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
  Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,
  Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up! each preventive brace set,
  Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
  Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
  In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
  All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us:
  Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The fore-mast's gone, cries every tongue out,
  O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out.
  Call all hands to clear the wreck;
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
  Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
  Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
  We our wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
  Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us!
  Both chain-pumps are choked below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
  For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pumps come every hand, boys,
See! our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found it cannot pour fast;
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heaven has saved our lives;
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer jog;
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None!—all danger's drown'd in grog.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.*

By MARTIN PARKER.—*Music by* DR. CALCOTT.

YE gentlemen of England,
That live at home at ease,
Little do ye think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ears unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show,
The cares and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

* Campbell's ballad of "Ye Mariners of England" is founded on this song. Mrs. Ireland relates that in 1799 Campbell was a frequent visitor to the house of her mother, Mrs. Keddie. He often heard the song of "Ye Gentlemen of England" sung there, and was so struck with the music of it, that he determined to write new words—hence the noble lyric which is so like in character.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas,
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen must endure,
Day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure.
Our sleep is disturbed,
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond our wonted course.
Which causes great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
It is in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ships are toss'd with waves,
And every man expecting
The sea to be his grave.
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O, with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer,
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out.
To God we call for succour,
For Him it is we know,
Must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir.
When winter fierce in cold do pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandize,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry,
With many a rare device.
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies,
For to fetch home spices rare,
Sometimes again to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare.
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sleep, o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
And when 'tis fair and temp'rate air,
We then lie down to rest.
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse up, we rouse up,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear no wounds nor scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach them,
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But Englishmen true bred,
We play our parts with bold hearts,
And never fly for dread.
We'll ply our business nimbly,
Where'er we come or go,
And our mates to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,
While we have bold adventurers,
We never shall want trade.
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth we know,
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Do help to share our gains.
We'll call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
And we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

DREAR, DARK, AND DREADFUL LOW'RED THE SKY.

CAPTAIN H. MITFORD.

REAR, dark, and dreadful low'red the sky,
All chilling fell the drifting snow;
The raging surge ran mountains high,
The north-west wind did piercing blow.
'Twas winter. O'er the flowing can
The seamen quaff'd their cares away,
And Poll and Bess, and Sue and Nan,
Were chaunted in the seaman's lay.
The helm secured, the ship lay to,
But driving with the wind and tide;
Impending danger from below,
Arrests her progress and her pride.
She struck! the shock was felt amain,
The song was changed to frantic war,
All sprung on deck, but 'twas in vain,
She sunk, and ne'er was heard of more!

CHILDE HAROLD'S SONG.

[Byron.]

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night.

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth:
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;

For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend save thee alone,
But thee—and one above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again."
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye,
If I thy guileless bosom had
Mine own would not be dry."

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman
Or shiver at the gale?"
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call
What answer shall she make?"
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.

For pleasures past I do not grieve,
  Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
  No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
  Upon the wide, wide sea,
But why should I for others groan
  When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain
  Till fed by stranger hands,
But long 'ere I come back again
  He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
  Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
  So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
  And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
  My native land—good night!"

HARRY BLUFF.

WHEN a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land, on the ocean to roam;
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
And was true British oak, boys, when older he grew.

Though his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,
When the signal was heard, he the first went aloft,
And the veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van,
For though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true British sailor.

When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
Still in peace and in war, Harry Bluff was the same;
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
For the myrtle and laurel entwine round his grave.
For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd—
The flag shot away, fell in tatters around;
The foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out avast;
And the colours of old England he nailed to the mast,
Then he died like a true British sailor.

SEA-FIGHT AT MALAGO.

Roxburghe Ballads.

COME all you brave sailors
That sail on the main,
I'll tell you of a fight
That was lately in Spain,
And of five sail of frigates
Bound to Malago
For to fight the proud Spaniards,
Our orders were so.

There was the Henry and Ruby,
And the Antelope also,
The Greyhound, and the Bryan,
For fire-ships must go.

But so bravely we weigh'd,
And played our parts,
That we made the proud Spaniards
To quake in their hearts.

When we came to an anchor,
So nigh to the Mold,
Methinks you proud English
Do grow very bold!
But we came to an anchor
So near to the town
That some of the churches
We soon batter'd down.

They hung out their flag of truce,
For to know our intent,
And they sent out their long-boats
To know what we meant.
But the captain he answered
Them bravely, it was so,
For to burn all your shipping
Before we do go.

For to burn all our shipping,
You must us excuse,
'Tis not five sail of frigates
Shall make us to muse.
But we burnt all their shipping,
And their sailors also,
And we left in the city
Full many a widow.

Come then, says our captain,
Let's fire at the church;

And down came their belfry,
  Which grieved them much;
And down came the steeple,
  Which standeth so high,
Which made the proud Spaniards
  To the nunnery to fly.

So great a confusion
  We made in the town,
That their lofty buildings
  Came tumbling down;
Their wives and their children
  For help they did cry,
But none could relieve them
  Though danger was nigh.

The flames and the smoke
  So increased their woe,
That they knew not whither
  To run or to go;
Some to shun fire
  Leapt into the flood,
And there they did perish
  In water and mud.

Our guns we kept firing,
  Still shooting amain;
Whilst many a proud Spaniard
  Was on the place slain;
The rest being amazed
  For succour did cry,
But all was in vain,
  They had no where to fly.

At length being forced,
They thought it most fit,
Unto the brave Englishmen
For to submit:
And so a conclusion
At last we did make,
Upon such conditions
As was fit to take.

The Spanish Armado,
Did England no harm,
'Twas but a bravado
To give us alarm;
But with our five frigates
We did them bumbast
And made them of Englishmen's
Valour to taste.

When this noble victory
We did obtain,
Then home we returned
To England again;
Where we were received
With welcomes of joy,
Because with five frigates
We did them destroy.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

From THOMAS DIBDIN'S "*Cabinet.*" *The music arranged from the old English melody of the "Rogue's March."*

DADDY NEPTUNE, one day, to Freedom did say,
"If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain!"
Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own island!"
Oh, 'tis a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water—he couldn't come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our island.
Oh, what a snug little island!
They'd all have a touch at the island!
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, "D—n it, I never liked my land!
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on your beautiful island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little island;
Shan't us go to visit the island?"

Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

But party deceit help'd the Normans to beat;
Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been lick'd
Had they stuck to the king of their island.
Poor Harold, the king of our island,
He lost both his life and his island.
That's all very true; what more could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his island!

The Spanish Armada set out to invad-a,
'Twill sure, if they ever come nigh land,
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing on the island.
Oh, the poor queen of the island!
The Dons came to plunder the island;
But snug in her hive, the queen was alive,
And "buzz" was the word of the island.

These proud puff'd-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth; but they hardly could spy land,
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the island!
Huzza for the lads of the island;
The good wooden walls of the island;
Devil or Don, let them come on,
And see how they'd come off the island!

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune
In each saying, "This shall be my land;"

Should the "Army of England," or all it could
bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the island.
We'd fight for our right to the island;
We'd give them enough of the island;
Invaders should just bite once at the dust,
But not a bit more of the island.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

JOHN O'KEEFE. *The music by* DR. ARNOLD.

IN May fifteen hundred and eighty-eight,
Cries Philip, "The English I'll humble;
I've taken it into my majesty's pate,
And their lion, oh, down he shall tumble!
They lords of the sea!"—then his sceptre he shook—
"I'll prove it an arrant bravado.
By Neptune! I'll sweep them all into a nook
With the invincible Spanish Armada!"

This fleet then sail'd out, and the winds they did
blow,
Their guns made a terrible clatter;
Our noble Queen Bess, 'cause she wanted to know,
Quill'd her ruff, and cried, "Pray, what's the
matter?"
"They say, my good queen," replied Howard so stout,
"The Spaniard has drawn his toledo,
Cock-sure that he'll thump us, and kick us about,
With th' invincible Spanish Armada."

The Lord Mayor of London, a very wise man,
What to do in this case vastly wonder'd:
Says the queen, "Send in fifty good ships if you can."
Says my lord, "Ma'am, I'll send in a hundred."
Our fire-ships they soon struck their cannons all dumb,
For the Dons run to Ave and Credo.
Great Medina roars out, "Sure the devil is come
For th' invincible Spanish Armada."

On Effingham's squadron, though all in abreast,
Like open-mouth curs they came bowling!
His sugar-plums finding they could not digest,
Away home they ran, yelping and howling.
When'er Britain's foes shall, with envy agog,
In our Channel make such a bravado—
Huzza, my brave boys! we're still able to flog
An invincible Spanish Armada!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow!

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow!

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return;
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE SAILOR'S LAMENT FOR THE SEA.

BARRY CORNWALL.

MERRY ocean! Honest ocean!
Wherefore did I fly from thee?
Thou, whatever wind came fawning,
Ever wast a friend to me:
Joy was on thy morning billows,
Quiet on thine evening wave;
In the south a *world of pleasures*,
In the north—*at least a grave.*

But amongst these sullen moorlands,
Nothing that I seek, I find;
Neither hope, nor pain, nor pleasure,
Not even a tranquil mind.
Once I had a dream: wherever
I was sailing—near or far,
I could always see a sparkle
In the distance, like a star!

But at last it faded: Helen—
Ah, why do I name her name?
Even now I feel my forehead
Flushing with its ancient shame;
She it is whose falsehood bringeth
Darkness of the heart on me;
She it is whose falsehood drives me
To thy stormy arms, O sea!

Once—no matter—I remember
I did love my father's field,

Every daisy, every berry
That the autumn hedge did yield;
But such things delight no longer;
There is change in them and me;
So once more I'll mate my spirit
With the spirit of the sea.

Come, old comrades! hearty seamen!
Are ye not fatigued with shore?
Shall we not go forth together
One long venturous voyage more?
Come! let's on, where waters soothe us;
Where all winds can whistle free;
Hearts! there's nowhere shed or shelter
Like our own true home—the sea!

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

From the "British Album," Vol. II. Signed ARLEY.

YOUR Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I swore that I still would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacca box mark'd with my name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a buss, Tom, to one of the crew?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trowsers I wash'd, and his bumbo I made.

Though you threaten'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall,
With Susan from Deptford, and Billingsgate Sall,
In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.

Still faithful and fond from the first of my life,
Though I boast not the name, I've the truth of a wife;
For falsehood in wedlock too often is prized,
And the heart that is constant should not be despised.

[*The modern version of the last verse is as follows.*]

Why should Sall or should Susan than me be more prized?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised;
Then be faithful and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
For your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high.
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark, the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud.
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

RULE BRITANNIA.

JAMES THOMPSON. *Published in the "Masque of Alfred," by* JAMES THOMPSON *and* DAVID MALLET.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia,
Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so bless'd as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame—
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair.
Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP, D'YE SEE.

By DIGNUM, 1800.

OUR country is our ship, d'ye see,
A gallant vessel, too,
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew;
Each man, whate'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

And when our haughty enemies
Our noble ship assail,
Then all true-hearted lads despise
What peril may prevail;
But shrinking from the cause we prize,
Should lubbers skulk below,
To the sharks
Heave such sparks,
They assist the common foe.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel, make a rout,
And having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out;
But once the enemy's in view,
Shake hands, we soon are friends,
On the deck,
Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

THE WRECK.

BARRY CORNWALL.

WHITHER are we driven, o'er the waters so free,
With the vapours all around, and the breakers on our lee?
Not a light is in the sky, not a light is on the sea!
Ah, me! ah, me!

We are hurried to our doom: Oh, how wild and how strong
Are the billows on whose bosom we are beating along;
And the tempest he is calling (hark, how terrible his song!)
For thee! for me!

The thunder is awakened: He is talking to the night:
And see what cometh flooding down in cataracts of light;
'Tis his paramour, the lightning; she withereth my sight;
Ah, me! ah, me!

Oh, how the storm doth follow us! and hearken to the wind!
He is round us; he is over us; he's hurrying behind;
He is tearing me (the maniac, so cruel and so blind,)
From thee, from thee!

Stay, stay, I hear a sound amidst the washing of the tide:
It glideth by our vessel, now, wherever we do glide;
'Tis the whale—it is the shark! ah, see, he turns upon his side!
Let's flee, let's flee!

Ha! the billows they are rising; we are lifted up on high:
We are all amongst the clouds: we are rushing from the sky
Down, down, into the waters.—Ah, have pity! for I die,
O sea! great sea!
(*The boat strikes.*)

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

BARRY CORNWALL.

FAREWELL, old England's shores!
Farewell her rugged main!
Now, sailors, strain your oars,
I ne'er will look again.
I've lived—I've sought—I've seen—
Oh, things I love too well,
Upon those shores of green:
So, England, long farewell!
Farewell!

I go—what matters where?
The exile, when he flies,

Thinks not of other air—
  Dreams not of alien skies:
He seeks but to depart
  From the land he loves too well,
From thoughts that smite his heart:
  So, England, long farewell!
    Farewell!

O'er lands and the lonely main,
  A lonelier man, I roam,
To seek some balm for pain,
  Perhaps to find a home:
I go—but time nor tide,
  Nor all that tongue may tell,
Shall e'er from thee divide
  My heart—and so farewell!
    Old England, fare thee well!

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

WAS on a very stormy day, far southward of the Cape,
When from a huge nor'-wester we had just made our escape.
Like an infant in its cradle, each breeze was hush'd to sleep,
And peacefully we sail'd along the bosom of the deep.
At length the helmsman gave a shout of terror and of fear,
As if he just had gazed upon some sudden danger near;

We look'd all round the ocean, and just upon our lee
We saw the Flying Dutchman come bounding through the sea.

Take in your flowing canvas, lads, our watchful master cried,
To us and our ship's company great peril doth betide.
The billow, cresting white with foam, all angry doth appear,
The wind springs up a hurricane, now Vanderdecken's near.
He comes, the Flying Dutchman comes, light o'er the lofty spray,
Preceded by the tempest dire, he makes for Table Bay,
With bird-like speed he's borne before the wind and howling blast,
But ere he can cast anchor there, the bay, alas! is past.

He scuds along too rapidly to mark his eagle's flight,
And lightning-like the Dutchman's helm full soon is out of sight,
The crews of ships far distant now shudder at the breeze
That bears the Flying Dutchman in fury o'er the seas.
Then mourn for Vanderdecken, for terrible's his doom,
The ocean round the stormy Cape, it is his living tomb.
There the Dutchman beats about, for ever night and day,
And tries in vain his oath to keep, by entering Table Bay.

THE SEA-KING.

BARRY CORNWALL.

COME sing, come sing, of the great sea-king,
And the fame that now hangs o'er him,
Who once did sweep o'er the vanquished deep,
And drove the world before him!
His deck was a throne, on the ocean lone,
And the sea was his park of pleasure,
Where he scatter'd in fear the human deer,
And rested—when he had leisure.
Come, shout and sing
Of the great sea-king
And ride in the track he rode in!
He sits at the head
Of the mighty dead,
On the red right hand of Odin!

He sprang, from birth, like a god on earth,
And soared on his victor pinions,
And he traversed the sea, as the eagles flee,
When they gaze on their blue dominions.
His whole earth-life was a conquering strife,
And he lived till his beard grew hoary,
And he died at last, by his blood-red mast,
And now he is lost in glory!
So, shout and sing, &c.

THE STORMY PETREL.

BARRY CORNWALL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds;
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billows' crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! O'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale in vain;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird,
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
Ah, thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er faulters. So, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

BARRY CORNWALL.

NOW gallantly, how merrily,
We ride along the sea!
The morning is all sunshine,
The wind is blowing free;
The billows are all sparkling,
And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
The blood is running bright.
All nature knows our triumph,
Strange birds about us sweep;
Strange things come up to look at us,
The masters of the deep;
In our wake, like any servant,
Follows even the bold shark,
Ah, proud must be our admiral
Of such a bonny barque!

Proud, proud must be our admiral,
(Though he is pale to day,)
Of twice five hundred iron men,
Who all his nod obey;

Who fought for him and conquer'd,
  Who've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility, which he shall have
  Whene'er he touch the shore.
Oh! would I were our admiral,
  To order with a word;
To lose a dozen drops of blood,
  And so rise up a lord;
I'd shout e'en to yon shark there,
  Who follows in our lee,
"Some day I'll make thee carry me
  Like lightning through the sea."

The admiral grew paler,
  And paler as we flew,
Still talked he to his officers,
  And smiled upon his crew;
And he looked up at the heavens,
  And he looked down on the sea,
And at last he spied the creature,
  That kept following in our lee.
He shook—'twas but an instant;
  For speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart,
  Till all chances he defied;
It threw boldness on his forehead;
  It gave firmness to his breath;
And he stood like some grim mariner
  New risen up from death.

That night, a horrid whisper
  Fell on us where we lay;
And we knew our fine old admiral
  Was changing into clay;

And we heard the wash of waters,
Though nothing could we see,
And a whistle and a plunge
Among the billows in our lee!
Till dawn we watch'd the body,
In its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening at sunset,
It was slung into the deep!
And never, from that moment,
Save one shudder through the sea,
Saw we or heard the shark
That had follow'd in our lee!

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW LEGS.

THOMAS HOOD.

THERE'S some is born with their straight legs by natur',
And some is born with bow legs from the first,
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nursed,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs.
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip.
But on the tenth of May,

Down there in Hartfordshire to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well, I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There wern't no use in keeping on the race.

Well, casting round about what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a bloody lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable.
Well, there they stand, four kickers in a row.
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown un's cable.

But riding isn't in a seaman's natur',
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land waiter
To splice me heel to heel
Under the she mare's keel.
And off I goes and leaves the inn astarn;
My eyes how she did pitch,
And wouldn't keep her own to go on no line,
Though I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bowline,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sort of ways,
The devil sink the craft.
And wasn't she tremendous slack in stays,
We couldn't nohow keep the inn abaft.

Well, I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?) but off she goes
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond.
There I am—all aback—
So I looks for'ard for her bridle gear,
To heave her head round on the other tack,
But when I starts
The leather parts
And goes away right over by the ears.

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim himself upright for bringing to,
And square his yard-arms and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my bark though howsumdever,
Because the yarn, you see, was getting tauter;
Says I, I wish this job was rather shorter.

The chace had gain'd a mile
A-head and still the she-mare stood a-drinking.
Now all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking,
Says I, She's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking.
And so, she swell'd and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held.
Till both my legs began to bend like winkin'.
My eyes, but she took in enough to founder,
And there's my timbers straining every bit
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder.

Well, there off Hartford-ness
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress.
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Though sick of riding out, and nothing less.
When looking round, I sees a man astarn.
"Hollo!" says I, "come underneath her quarter;"
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another I'll be blow'd:
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd.

THE SEA FIGHT.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE sun hath ridden into the sky,
And the night gone to her lair;
Yet all is asleep
On the mighty deep,
And all in the calm gray air.

All seemeth as calm as an infant's dream,
As far as the eye may ken;
But the cannon blast,
That just now pass'd,
Hath awaken'd ten thousand men.

An order is blown from ship to ship;
All round and round it rings;

And each sailor is stirr'd
By the warlike word,
And his jacket he downwards flings.

He strippeth his arms to his shoulders strong;
He girdeth his loins about;
And he answers the cry
Of his foemen nigh,
With a cheer and a noble shout.

What follows?—a puff, and a flash of light,
And the booming of a gun;
And a scream that shoots
To the heart's red roots,
And we know that a fight's begun.

A thousand shot are at once let loose;
Each flies from its brazen den,
(Like the plague's swift breath,)
On its deed of death,
And smites down a file of men.

The guns in their thick-tongued thunder speak
And the frigates all rock and ride,
And timbers crash,
And the mad waves dash,
Foaming all far and wide;

And high as the skies run piercing cries,
All telling one tale of woe—
That the struggle still,
Between good and ill,
Goes on, in the earth below.

* * * *

Day pauses, in gloom, on his western road:
The moon returns again;
But, of all who looked bright,
In the morning light,
There are only a thousand men.

Look up, at the brooding clouds on high!
Look up, at the awful sun!
And behold, the sea-flood
Is all red with blood;
Hush!—a battle is lost—and won!

WHEN IN WAR ON THE OCEAN.

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
Though with ardour for conquest our bosoms may glow,
Let us see on their vessels old England's flag wave,
They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each British tar,
Whilst the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
And our guns hurl, in thunder, defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside—she sinks, down she goes!
Quickly man all our boats, they no longer are foes;
To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave
Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

ODSBLOOD! what a time for a seaman to skulk
Under gingerbread hatches on shore;
What a very bad job, that this batter'd old hulk
Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more:
But the puppies as they pass,
Cocking up a squinting glass,
Thus run down the old Commodore:
That's the old Commodore,
The rum old Commodore,
The gouty old Commodore.—He!
Why the bullets and the gout
Have so knock'd his hull about,
That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here I'm in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
Not a tow-rope at hand, not an oar;
I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,
But the doctor's a deuce of a bore;
While I am swallowing his slops,
How nimple are his chops,
Thus queering the old Commodore:
A bad case, Commodore,
Can't say, Commodore,
Mustn't flatter, Commodore—says he;
For the bullets and the gout
Have so knock'd your hull about,
That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What! no more to be afloat? blood and fury, they lie;
I'm a seaman, and only three-score;
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
Gadzooks, let me not die ashore.
As to death, 'tis all a joke,
Sailors live in fire and smoke,
So, at least, says an old Commodore,
The rum old Commodore,
The tough old Commodore,
The fighting old Commodore.—He,
Whom the devil nor the gout
Nor the French dogs to boot
Shall kill till they grapple him at sea.

WE CONQUER, DEAR GIRLS, BUT FOR YOU.

COME, sailors, be filling the can,
The wind is beginning to blow;
We've time to drink round, to a man,
And then to weigh anchor must go.
What thousands repair to the strand,
To give us a charming adieu;
'Tis plain they believe, on the land,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When on the maintopsail yard
The sailor is swung to and fro,
Let the tempest blow ever so hard,
He whistles defiance to woe,
The gale can but last for a while
Is always the boast of the crew;
And then they reflect with a smile,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

Though battle tremendous appears,
When blood stains the face of the main,
Though thunder resounds in his ears,
The sailor's a stranger to pain;
The thought, with what rapture and pride
Each girl will her hero review,
'Tis this makes him danger deride—
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

THE SAILOR'S LADY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

COME, busk you gallantlie,
Busk and make you ready,
Maiden, busk and come,
And be a sailor's lady.
The foamy ocean's ours,
From Hebride to Havannah,
And thou shalt be my queen,
And reign upon it, Anna.

See my bonnie ship,
So stately and so steady;
Thou shalt be my queen,
And she maun be my lady;
The west wind in her wings,
The deep sea all in motion,
Away she glorious goes,
And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,
From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon;

The Bourbon flowers grow pale
When I hang out my pennon;
I'll win thee gold and gems
With pike and cutlass clashing,
With all my broad sails set
And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see
The golden islands glowing,
Come with me and hear
The flocks of India lowing;
Thy fire shall be of spice,
The dews of eve drop manna,
Thy chamber-floor of gold,
And men adore thee, Anna.

NANINE, OR THE EMIGRANT.

M. G. Lewis.

N the waves the wind was sleeping,
Swift the boat approach'd the land;
There a lovely maid was weeping,
Who can female tears withstand?
Hush'd at once the boatswain's ditty,
Gently dipp'd his silent oar;
While he said, in sounds of pity,
"Prithee, sweetheart, weep no more."

Then on land he sprung so lightly,
While, with mingled hopes and fears,
Raised her head and beaming brightly,
Shone her blue eyes through her tears.

Left exposed to want and danger,
Friendless on a foreign shore;
"Ah!" she said, "you vainly, stranger,
Kindly tell me, weep no more.

"Far from home in exile roving,
Who shall now my shelter be,
Lost each friend, so loved, so loving,
Now what heart shall feel for me?
Poor Nanine, thy brain is turning,
Poor Nanine, thy heart is sore,
Poor Nanine, thy tears are burning,
Die, Nanine, and weep no more."

"Mark," he cried, "yon distant city,
There my shelter thine shall be,
Mark my bosom, swell'd by pity,
There's a heart which feels for thee;
All my wealth I here surrender,
'Tis not gems or shining ore;'
'Tis a heart, warm, honest, tender,
Take it, sweet, and weep no more."

Gently tow'rds his boat he led her,
Soon it touch'd his native strand,
There his labour clothed and fed her,
There he gain'd her heart and hand.
Still with love his eyes behold her,
Still, though many a year is o'er,
Does he bless the hour he told her,
"Prithee, sweetheart, weep no more!"

I WENT TO SEA.

I WENT to sea with heavy heart,
Of her I loved the scorn,
Yet from my thoughts did ne'er depart
Her image night and morn:
Storms lour'd, waves roll'd, and lightning flew,
Yet did I wish to live,
Still willing, for my heart was true,
To forget and to forgive.

The first word, when on English ground,
I spoke, was her false name,
And soon upon enquiry found—
For scandal flies—her shame;
She loved a youth before the wind,
Who cut, and let her drive;
Avast! cried I, 'twere now too kind
To forget and to forgive!

While of these thoughts my mind was full,
While adverse hopes and fears
Like winds did this and that way pull,
She came to me in tears.
Down went my colours, and I swore
For her alone I'd live;
Kiss'd her, and promised o'er and o'er
To forget and to forgive.

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

WHEN last honest Jack, of whose fate I now sing,
Weigh'd anchor and cast out for sea,
For he never refused for his country and king
To fight, for no lubber was he;
To hand, reef, and steer, and bouse everything tight
Full well did he know every inch,
Though the toplifts of sailors the tempest should smite,
Jack never was known for to flinch.

Aloft from the mast-head one day he espied
Seven sail which appear'd to his view,
"Clear the decks, sponge the guns," was instantly cried,
And each to his station then flew,
And fought until many a noble was slain,
And sileneed was every gun;
'Twas then that old English valour was vain,
For by numbers, alas! they're undone.

Yet think not bold Jack, though by conquest dismay'd
Could tamely submit to his fate;
When his country he found he no longer could serve,
Looking round, he address'd thus each mate;
"What's life, d'ye see, when our liberty's gone?
Much nobler it were for to die;
So now for Old Davy"—then plunged in the main;
E'en the cherub above heaved a sigh.

OLD ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS.—1800.

THROUGH winds and wave sin days that are no more
I held the helm and ne'er ran foul of shore,
In pitch-dark night my reck'ning proved so true
I rode out safe the hardest gale that blew,
And when for fight the signal high was shown
Through smoke and fire Bob Boreas straight bore down;
But though my timbers are not fit for sea,
Old England's wooden walls my toast shall be.

From age to age, as ancient story shows,
We ruled the deep, in spite of envious foes;
And still aloft, though worlds combine, we'll rise,
Now all at home are spliced in friendly ties;
In loud broadsides we'll tell both France and Spain,
We're own'd by Neptune sov'reigns of the main.
Oh, would my timbers now were fit for sea!
Yet England's wooden walls my toast shall be.

WHEN LAST IN THE DREADFUL.

WHEN last in the Dreadful your honour set sail
On Newfoundland banks there came on a hard gale,
There was thunder, and lightning, and cold whistling hail,
Enough the old gemman to scare.

One who threaten'd your life, dash'd below by a wave,
Your own hand I saw snatch from a watery grave;
And you said 'twas well done, for that still with the brave
The noblest of glory's to spare.

When yard-arm and yard-arm 'longside of a foe,
When the blood from the scuppers rain'd on us below,
When crippled enough to be taken in tow
To strike we saw Mounseer prepare;
If a broadside below, or a volley above,
The men were all ready to give her for love,
How oft has your honour cried, "Not a hand move,
A hero's true glory's to spare."

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.

THE tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore,
My bosom heaved with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away?
My heart will break—a little moment stay,
Alas! I cannot, cannot part from thee!"
"The anchor's weighed—farewell! remember me."

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said;
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
I ne'er can meet another maid
Whose charms can fix this heart like thine."

"Go, then," she cried, "and let thy constant mind
Oft think on her you leave in tears behind."
"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be—
The anchor's weighed—farewell! remember me."

THE BRITISH FLAG FLIES AT THE MAIN.

YOUR slack-jaw belay, if you ask Jack's opinion,
Our flag 'tis to hoist to the breeze,
Or die at our guns, ere we yield the dominion
We proudly possess of the seas.
Our birthright recorded in maritime story,
Which against the whole world we'll maintain,
And ever obey'd shall the symbol of glory,
The British flag, fly at the main.

Our rule to dispute, urged by envy and rancour,
Oft navy to navy hath join'd,
But promptitude ever hath proved our sheet-anchor,
And baffled their efforts combined.
Indignant defiance our guns hurl in thunder,
Their threats we return with disdain;
The envy at once of the world, and its wonder,
The British flag flies at the main.

In vain ships and commerce Gaul's tyrants may try for,
For nautical aid all implore;
Our maritime rights to invade long may sigh for,
And pant to invade Britain's shore:

But true to ourselves 'mid the world's wide commotion,
We bravely those rights will maintain;
And for ever the glory and pride of the ocean,
The British flag, flies at the main.

THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

SHE comes, she comes, in glorious style—
To quarters fly, ye hearts of oak!
Success shall soon reward our toil,"
Exclaim'd the gallant Captain Broke.
"Three cheers, my brave boys, let your ardour bespeak,
And give them a round from your cannon,
And soon they shall find that the proud Chesapeake
Shall lower her flag to the Shannon."

Lawrence, Columbia's pride and boast,
Of conquest counted sure as fate;
He thus address'd his haughty host,
With form erect and heart elate—
"Three cheers, my brave boys, let your courage bespeak,
And give them a taste of your cannon;
And soon they shall know that the proud Chesapeake
Shall ne'er lower a flag to the Shannon."

Silent as death each foe drew nigh;
While lock'd in hostile close embrace,
Brave Broke, with British seaman's eye,
The signs of terror soon could trace;

He exclaim'd, while his looks did his ardour bespeak,
"Brave boys, they all flinch from their cannon;
Board, board, my brave messmates, the proud Chesapeake
Shall soon be a prize for the Shannon."

Swift flew the word, Britannia's sons
Spread death and terror where they came;
The trembling foe forsook their guns,
And called aloud on Mercy's name.
Brave Broke led the way, but fell, wounded and weak,
Yet exclaim'd, "They have fled from their cannon;
Three cheers, my brave seamen, the proud Chesapeake
Has lower'd her flag to the Shannon."

The day was won, but Lawrence fell;
He closed his eyes in endless night:
And oft Columbia's sons will tell
Of hopes all blighted in that fight.
But brave Captain Broke, though wounded and weak,
Survived to again play his cannon;
And his name from the shores of the wide Chesapeake
Shall resound to the banks of the Shannon.

WILL WATCH.

'TWAS one morn when the wind from the northward blew keenly,
And sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue, then serenely
Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.

Will had promised his Sue that this trip, if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes and he'd anchor ashore;
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended;
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay, serve a friend, too, beside.
Will lay to till the night came on, darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail, then, he piped up each hand,
But a signal soon spied ('twas a prospect uncheery),
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

"The Philistines are out," cried Will, "we'll take no heed on't;
Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
We'll fight while we can; when we can't, boys, we'll run."
Through the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
"Oh! oh!" cries Will Watch, "the Philistines bear down;
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or drown!

"But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates left behind me,
Regard my last words, see them kindly obey'd:
Let no stone mark the spot: and, my friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid."
Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more.
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd in it,
Then sheer'd, and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with;
To few known his grave, and to few known his end.
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with;—
He'd the tears of his Susan—the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow;
Yon ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

THE PILOT.

H, pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep."
"Go down," the sailor cried, "go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be."

"Ah, pilot! dangers often met
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might."
"It is not apathy," he cried,
"That gives this strength to me;
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.

"On such a night the sea engulph'd
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be."

TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.—1804.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
For, though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're sail'd,
Oh, doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breathed constant gales:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves;
But such as grace the British fleet
Are lovers and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares—but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain.
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girls, adieu!

THE BATTLE OF LA HOGUE OR RUSSELL'S TRIUMPH.

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russell did discern by break of day
The lofty sails of France advancing to.
All hands aloft, they cry, let British valour shine,
Let fly a culverine, the signal of the line.
Let every man supply his gun,
Follow me, you shall see
That the battle it will soon be won.

Tournville on the main triumphant roll'd
To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to vict'ry doth aspire:
The bloody fight's begun—the sea is all on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock, the Red, the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow.

Now death and horror equal reign:
Now they cry, Run or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly, amazed, through rocks and sands!
One danger they grasp at, to shun the greater fate.
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Royal Sun!
From thy untimely end thy master's fate's begun;
Enough, thou mighty god of war;
Now we sing, bless the king!
Let us drink to every British tar.

ROLL, LIQUID MOUNTAINS, ROLL.

D. Bruguier, 1803.

ROLL, liquid mountains, roll!
Shake from your heads the hoary spray,
Ye cannot daunt the seaman's soul,
Though danger spreads his pathless way.
Flash, vivid lightnings, flash!
Blow, tempests, blow,
Thunders dire,
The seaman braves the dreadful crash,
Though billows to the clouds aspire.

Rise, pointed rocks, arise,
Assaulted by the foaming surge,
Sailors your flinty sides despise,
When friendship, love, and honour urge.
Flash, vivid lightnings, flash, &c.

Roar, thundering cannons, roar,
Death-dealing bullets whistle round,
Let cowards wish themselves ashore,
A British sailor loves the sound.
Flash, vivid lightnings, flash, &c.

POOR JOE THE MARINE.

POOR Joe the Marine was at Portsmouth well known,
No lad in the corps dress'd so smart;
The lasses ne'er look'd on the youth with a frown,
His manliness won every heart:
Sweet Polly, of Portsea, he took for his bride,
And surely there never was seen
A couple so gay march to church side by side,
As Polly and Joe the Marine.

The bright torch of Hymen was scarce in a blaze,
When thundering drums they heard rattle,
And Joe in an instant was forced to the seas,
To give the bold enemy battle;
The action was dreadful—each ship a mere wreck,
Such a slaughter few soldiers have seen,
Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd on the deck,
And amongst them poor Joe the Marine.

But victory, faithful to true British tars,
At length put an end to the fight;
Then homeward they steer full of glory and scars,
And soon had famed Portsmouth in sight;

The ramparts were crowded, the heroes to greet,
And foremost sweet Polly was seen;
But the very first sailor she chanced for to meet,
Told the fate of poor Joe the Marine.

The shock was severe, as lightning's fork'd dart,
Her poor heart with frenzy wild fired,
She flew from the crowd, softly cried, "My poor heart!"
Clasp'd her hands, faintly sigh'd, and expired.
Her body was laid 'neath a wide-spreading yew,
And on a smooth stone may be seen,
"One tear-drop let fall, all ye lovers so true,
For Polly and Joe the Marine."

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A West Indian Ballad. From "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leapt overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And whoso his impatience blames
I wot ne'er loved at all.

A long, long year, one month and day
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stray,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blithesome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That graced his mistress true?
Such charms the Old world never saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the New.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine,
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In seagreen silk so neatly clad
She there impatient stood,
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd
Which he at parting gave,
Well pleased the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions, one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand,
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste
To clasp her lovely swain,
When ah! a shark bit through his waist,
His heart's blood dyed the main!

He shriek'd; his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring;
She falls, she falls, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lover 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you.

THE NEGLECTED TAR.

EDWARD RUSHTON *of Liverpool, born* 1756, *died* 1814.

SING the British seaman's praise,
A theme renown'd in story;
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
Oh! 'tis your boast and glory.

When mad-brain'd war spreads death around
By them you are protected;
But when in peace the nation's found
These bulwarks are neglected.
Then, oh! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit,
And when again you're plunged in war,
He'll show his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
Far on the trackless ocean,
When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion,
When o'er the bark the white-topp'd waves
With boist'rous sweep are rolling,
Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
Untamed amidst the howling.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

When deep immersed in sulph'rous smoke,
He feels a glowing pleasure;
He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,
Elated beyond measure.
Though fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck
Should lifeless trunks appear,
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine
Where scorching beams assail him,
When all the canvas hangs supine
And food and water fail him,

Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning;
They call the watch—his rapture o'er,
He sighs, but scorns complaining.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him,
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
True courage still attends him;
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance,
He fearless braves the storms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ!
Behold him disregarded!
Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, are tars rewarded?
Then, oh! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe;
In peace then would you starve them?
What say ye, Briton's sons? Oh no!
Protect them and preserve them.
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or, when grim war shall come again,
Oh! Britons, ye may rue it!
Then, oh! protect, &c.

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

From the Operatic Farce of "Hertford Bridge."
Music by W. SHIELD.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd;
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
By the deep—Nine.

And, bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view;
An abbey tower, a harbour fort,
Or beacon, to the vessel true;
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
By the mark—Seven.

And as the much-loved shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwells a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof!
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
Quarter-less-Five.

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
We take in sail—she feels the tide;
Stand clear the cable, is the cry;
The anchor's gone, we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seaman, with delight,
Proclaim, All's well!

SLINGING THE BOWL.

NOW happy are we now the wind is abaft,
The boatswain he pipes, hand both the sheets aft,
Steady, steady, steady, it blows a fresh gale,
We soon shall reach port if the wind does not fail,
Then drink about, Tom, although the ship roll,
We'll save the rich liquor, by slinging the bowl.

We've sail'd to the Indies and bump back again,
Have weather'd the storm, plough'd deeply the main,
Steady, steady's the word, see our rigging's all tight,
For to hand, reef, or steer is a sailor's delight,
Then drink about, Tom, although the ship roll,
We'll save the rich liquor, by slinging the bowl.

See our canvas is spread and how trimly we fly,
The ocean reflecting the clouds in the sky,
Steady, steady's the word, 'bout ship, helm a-lee,
When the storm sings round us, how busy are we,
Then drink about, Tom, although the ship roll,
We'll save the rich liquor, by slinging the bowl.

Furl the sails, my brave boys, we are safe in the Downs,
A can of stout grog all a sailor's fears drowns,
Steady, steady's the word, let the cannon loud tell,
We've brought a fine cargo, are return'd, and all well.
Then drink about, Tom, although the ship roll,
We'll save the rich liquor, by slinging the bowl.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

S. J. Arnold, *from the Opera of "The Americans." Music by* John Braham.

'TWAS in Trafalgar's Bay,
We saw the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was bounding then;
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
Hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty;
Along the line this signal ran:—
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

And now the cannon roar,
Along the affrighted shore;
Our Nelson led the way.
His ship the Vict'ry named,
Long be that Vict'ry famed,
For vict'ry crown'd the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
For England, home, and beauty;
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast received;
"Heaven fights on our side,
The day's our own," he cried;
"Now long enough I've lived;
In honour's cause my life was pass'd,
In honour's cause I fell at last,
For England, home, and beauty."
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty.

TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND.

By the EARL OF DORSET, *in* 1665, *written at sea during the first Dutch war, the night previous to an engagement.*

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now and Neptune too
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, la, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchman, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, la, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, la, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, la, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;

Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend or who's our foe.
With a fa, la, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, la, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, la, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote,
Think, then, how often love we've made
To you when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, la, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness.

All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, la, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, &c.

THE PILOT.

Roxburghe Ballads.

WHEN lightnings pierce the pitchy sky,
And o'er the ocean's bosom fly;
When roaring waves each other whelm,
The hardy pilot takes the helm,
He puts to sea, resolved to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

The signal of distress he hears,
And to the found'ring vessel steers,
He boldly hails th' exhausted crew,
Who, cheer'd by him, their toils renew,
And bless the pilot, come to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

They work the pumps with double force,
He calmly points the helmsman's course,

His steady orders all obey,
And now the vessel, on her way,
Pursues the pilot, bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

With anxious care her course they keep;
She struggling rides the angry deep:
In smoother water soon she sails,
The crew, huzza! then warmly hails
The hardy pilot, bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

SONG.

"Naval Chronicle," Vol. XXVIII, 1812.

BY the friends we have lost—by the smile we can never
Again in life's loveliness view;
By the ties of attachment death only could sever,
Those ties the same hand shall renew:
By the tear we have shed o'er the tomb of the cherish'd,
O'er days ne'er to bless us again,
Let us still give a sigh to the hope that has perish'd,
But a smile to the hope which remains.

Oh! still, as the circle of social affection
Of some valued heart is bereft,
While we treasure through life their beloved recollection,
Let us cling to the few that are left:

Down our cheek while the tear-drop of anguish is
stealing,
A solace e'en then it may prove,
To view the sad glance of reciprocal feeling,
When it beams from the eye that we love.

Oh! this is the charm which shall brighten to-morrow,
With the joys that we cherish to-day;
'Tis the pilot who steadies our vessel of sorrow,
'Tis the star which enlightens its way:
And if e'er, o'er the sea of adversity driven,
That bark has no pilot to steer;
That star, beaming light from the portals of heaven,
Shall bid us seek fortitude there.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

TOLL for the brave,
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset,
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone!
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran against no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men!

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with the cup
The tear which England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Charged with England's thunder,
Across the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er,
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

DEEP IN THE ORLOP'S DARKSOME SHADE.

By a Midshipman. "Naval Chronicle," Vol. V, 1801.

DEEP in the Orlop's darksome shade,
Unknown to Sol's bright ray,
Where no kind chink's assistant aid
Admits the cheerful day:

Th' advent'rous Muse would fain explore
The mysteries of light,
Would fain attempt the distant shore,
And spread her wings for flight.

Do thou Maria, lovely fair,
Accept the tender lay;
To lines unartful lend an ear
Sent far from Biscay's Bay.

Where, spite of winter's dreaded wave,
Inured to naval toil,
Behold the gallant sailors brave
The foes of Britain's isle.

Proud Gallia now disputes no more
The empire of the main,
But trembling sees all round her shore
Triumphant Britain reign.

On Britons then, ye fair ones, smile,
Who plough for you the brine,
And in return for every toil
Be thou, Maria, mine.

Each night a fair delusion charms
The brow of anxious care,
I grasp thy phantom in my arms,
And sigh to find it air.

Thy soft idea calms my soul
When angry billows rise,
While through the air black tempests howl,
And lightning rends the skies.

When discord loud through all the decks
In wild confusion reigns,
And ruin from a thousand leaks
Each moment footing gains.

The massy guns at ev'ry heel
Their strongest breechings rend,
And from the top-mast to the keel
The mighty timbers bend.

In that dread hour of bitter care
Let guilt his heart resign,
For mine, dear girl, what cause of fear,
So close allied to thine?

SONG.

"Naval Chronicle," Vol. IX, 1803.

IF a landsman would know the true creed
of a tar,
Tell him this, just his wish to belay:
A sailor believes, foul or fair, peace or war,
'Tis all for the best come what may.

His heart at humanity's post never nods,
Honest sympathy beams in his eye;
In battle successful; if not, where's the odds?
He won't run, but with glory he'll die.

His home and relations he seems to forego,
But his country new joys can impart;
For a true honest tar, don't all of us know,
Finds a home in each Englishman's heart.

Britannia's his mother, his brethren are we,
And besides, 'tis with rapture I sing,
That each gallant lad, who for us braves the sea,
Finds a father beloved in his king.

DUKE WILLIAM'S RAMBLE.

"Naval Chronicle," Vol. XII, 1804.

DUKE WILLIAM and a nobleman,
Heroes of England's nation,
Got up one morn by dawn of day,
To take a recreation.
Into the suburbs they did go,
In sailor's dress from top to toe;
"Now," says the duke, "we soon shall know
What usage there's for seamen."

Then in this brave and warlike trim
They hastened to an inn.
The duke then said, "Kind landlady,
Bring wine both red and white in."

Before they'd drank the wine half out
A press-gang that was brave and stout
Did search the lower rooms about
For warlike jolly seamen.

"Upstairs," the landlady did say,
"If seamen you are seeking,
There's one so fat, I dare be sworn
That you can scarcely ship him."
"Ne'er mind, my lads, but let us try;"
They upstairs went immediately;
"What ship, brothers?" they all did cry,
"For we are jolly seamen."

"We do belong to George," says Will;
Say they, "Where's your protection?"
"We've none at all," the duke replies,
"Don't cast on us reflection."
Then the lieutenant he did say,
"Come, brothers, come, come, come away,
On us you must not make a prey,
My warrant is for seamen."

They haul'd them to the tender, where
The captain he was skipping;
The duke he said, "Kind gentlemen,
Take care of all your shipping;"
With that the captain he did swear,
"I am your shepherd, I declare,
I'll make you change your saucy air;
Get down among the seamen."

Oh then his highness did go down
Among the jolly seamen,

Which made him stare, to see the fare
Of many a brisk young seaman.
"Where must I lie?" his highness said,
"Must I not have a feather-bed?"
"You're fat enough," they all replied,
"Pig in among the seamen."

"But for your sauce, you surly dog,
You must be flogg'd, so strip, sir;"
To the gangway then away they went,
The good duke for to whip, sir;
But to strip the duke would not,
They call'd him then a drunken sot;
The duke replied, "Drunk I am not,
But strip me if you dare, sir!"

Then came the boatswain's mate,
The duke for to undress, sir;
But quickly he did behold
The star upon his breast, sir;
Then on their bended knees they fall,
And loud for mercy they did call;
The duke replied, "You're villains all
For using thus poor seamen.

"No wonder why my father he
Can't well man all his shipping,
'Tis by your basely using them,
And them always a-whipping.
But for the future, sailors all
Shall have good usage, great and small."
They heard the news together, all,
And cried, "God save Duke William.

BILLY MOORE.

"Naval Chronicle," Vol. II, 1799.

AN honest tar and fresh from sea,
With heart just where it ought to be,
Thus hail'd young Billy Moore:
"What cheer, my lad? Misfortune's gale
Hath torn, I see, thy tatter'd sail,
For thou art wreck'd and poor."

The simple boy his story true
Told with a blushing sweetness, too,
Then heaved a heart-sick sigh:
"But God is good, though man's unkind,
Pass on! my sufferings never mind,
He soon will let me die!"

Jack's heart with manly feeling yearn'd,
More than his purse in pocket burn'd,
And that for once was cramm'd;
First wiped the spray from either eye—
"Die, messmate?" was the tar's reply,
"If thou dost, I'll be ——.

"Bear up! I have thee safe in tow,
I'll fit thee straight to face the foe,
And cope with death, d'ye see!"
He had him rigg'd—the next spring-tide,
His locker full and well supplied,
Bore Billy Moore to sea.

When there the boy, with grateful heart,
Applauded, play'd his stated part,
And scorn'd to flinch or run;
But oft would bless the happy day
That bore him from distress away,
To serve Jack Mizen's gun.

CHARMING KITTY:

OR, THE TAR'S DANCING SHOES LENGTHENED AND FITTED OUT AGAINST BONAPARTE.

DIBDIN, *"Naval Chronicle," Vol. XIII,* 1805.

IN a vessel of my own I have oft ta'en a trip,
And I christened her the charming Kitty;
Though not quite so big as a three-mast ship,
Yet she looks, when at sea, quite as pretty;
Copper is her bottom, and her planks all sound,
And then not a sloop,
From the head to the poop,
Is so timber'd, berigg'd, caulk'd, and pointed all round,
Her canvas and cordage are all in their places,
Her anchors and grapnels, and lanyards and braces,
Her mainsail and foresail, and topsail and cluelines,
Her shrouds and her yards, and her blocks and her bowlines,
Her ratlines, her steerage, her capstan and cable,
With lads who to work are both willing and able:
Anchor heave—taking leave—
Off we go—yo ho!
Full sail—catch the gale—nothing dread—heave the lead,

Till in port—that's your sort—
Then again in the ocean—d'ye see, I've a notion—
No seamen to own how she trips will refuse,
Like a tar upon shore in his dancing shoes.

When war added storms to the storms of the wave,
I ventured to sea bold and hearty,
Determined for Britain and Ireland to brave
Death, the devil, and great Bonaparte,
When peace was in fashion, and commerce afloat,
Not a brig nor a hoy
Could you better employ,
For passage and freightage, than my little boat:
Her guns were ashore, and instead of such lading,
In broadcloth, and hardware, and silks she was trading;
In hides and in coaches, in pinkies and ponies,
In buckles and buttons for French macaronies,
To change for tobacco, and rice, and molasses,
Cheese, butter, and cambric, and large looking-glasses,
Indian canes—British gains—
Burton ale—fresh or stale—
Spanish blades, palisades, sugar-candy, gin and brandy—
Bottle port—that's your sort:
And while no embargo was laid on my cargo,
I was rich in my trade among Christians and Jews,
As a tar upon shore in his dancing shoes.

Since the great Bonaparte has taken Hanover,
And threatens to spoil all our trading,
His army of England he means to bring over,
To teach us the mode of invading;

But could we once see them embark'd and afloat,
Not a ship in the fleet,
But would give them a treat,
From a ship of the line down to my little boat:
We'll give them a taste of our old British thunder,
Shall spoil all their stomachs for carnage and plunder.
Our bombs and our balls from our mortars and cannon,
Shall make ocean ring from the Seine to the Shannon;
Whole broadsides at once we'll incessantly send them,
Shall cripple, and tear them, and hole them, and rend them:
Point your guns—Freedom's sons—
Fire away—that's your play—
Britons cheering—Frenchmen fearing, burning, flying, sinking, dying—
All their decks—floating wrecks—
Having sunk Bonaparte, our sailors quite hearty,
Send the few whom they saved back to France with the news,
And on shore at the Nore take their dancing shoes.

LIFE'S LIKE A SHIP.

SAVILLE CAREY, "*Naval Chronicle.*"

LIFE'S like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low,
Where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever wind may blow:

If unassail'd by squall or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales,
Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
While success attends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn from reason how to steer.
Let judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails;
Should dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion
While your vessel's under weigh;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray.
When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
Or Boreas on the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

Then when you're safe from danger riding,
In some welcome port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And care awhile enslumber'd lay:
Or, when each can's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink "success unto our sails."

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

DIMOND.

IN slumber of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock slung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dream'd of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn—
While Mem'ry stood sideways, half cover'd with flowers,
And restored each rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise—
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"Oh, God! Thou hast bless'd me, I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame, which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear?
'Tis the light'ning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

Oh! sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss—
Where now is the picture that Fancy touch'd bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss?

Oh! sailor-boy, sailor-boy, never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay.
Unbless'd and unhonoured, down in the main,
Full many a score fathom thy fame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow,
Of thy fair yellow locks, threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll.
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
Oh! sailor-boy, sailor-boy, peace to thy soul!

THE SAILOR'S DIRGE.

"Naval Chronicle," 1803.

EW up the hammock! Death has laid
Poor Jack in honour's bed;
Heave out a sigh, and lower away,
Our gallant messmate's dead.

A right true-hearted lad was he,
A seaman stout and bold;
He loved his friend, he loved his girl,
But now his heart is cold.

So long as French or Spaniard fought,
No lion was more brave;
But when he cried for quarter, none
Than Jack more free to save.

When overboard, and struggling hard
For life's dear sake was I,
Though wild the waves and loud the wind,
Jack heard my piteous cry.

He ask'd no leave of paltry fear,
But swam and took me out:
Now Jack must sink and I may swim,
So fortune veers about.

THE SAILOR.

An Elegy, by SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellow'd not impair'd by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;
This the last wish with which its warmth would part,
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's gay cloud descends to drink the wave,

When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
  Still, still, he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
  Attends his little bark from pole to pole,
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
  Whispers sweet Hope to soothe his troubled soul.

SONG.

"Gentleman's Magazine," 1793. *From the "Midnight Wanderers."*

YOU, whose lives on land are pass'd,
  From dangerous seas, from rocks aloof,
Who, careless, listen to the blast,
  Or beating rains upon the roof,
You little heed how seamen fare—
Condemn'd the angry storm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
  He takes his station on the deck;
And now lash'd o'er the vessel's side,
  He clears away the cumb'ring wreck;
Yet while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean is his only home!

Still fresher blows the midnight gale!
  "All hands reef topsails," are the cries;
And while the clouds the heavens veil,
  Aloft, to reef the sail, he flies;
In storms so rending, doom'd to roam,
The ocean is the seaman's home.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

ANDREW CHERRY. *Music by* JOHN DAVY.

OUD roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain in deluge showers;
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers;
The night both drear and dark;
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day,
There she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Our op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak;
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds.
As she lay,
Till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow
Each heaved a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay,
On that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heav'n, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers!
Now we sail,
With the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

THE SEA, THE SEA.

BARRY CORNWALL. *Music by* CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

THE sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round,
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? what matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh, *how* I love!) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest-tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow!

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born,
And the whale it whistled and the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the Ocean child.

I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change,
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded Sea.

THE INSULTED SAILOR.

"Collection of New Songs," Newcastle. No date.

WHEN my money was spent that I gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown on my fate,
What matter'd my zeal and my honoured scars,
When indifference stood at the gate?

The face that would smile when my purse was well lined
Show'd a different aspect to me,
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied me again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine on my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remains I had got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
On a stick o'er my shoulder I threw,
Away then I trudged with a heart rather sad,
To join some ship's jovial crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
And when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd if once more I could take her in tow,
I would let these ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could show
More kindness than they had for me.

STILL FROM CARE AND THINKING FREE.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd and the ship's unmoor'd,
And landsmen lag behind, sir,
The sailor joyful skips on board,
And swearing, prays for wind, sir.

Towing here, going there,
Steadily, readily, cheerily, merrily,
Still from care and thinking free
Is a sailor's life at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
And landsmen all grow sick, sir,
The sailor lolls with mind at ease,
And the song and the can go quick, sir.
Laughing here, quaffing there, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
And seems to landsmen dreary,
The sailor fearless goes to sleep,
And takes his watch most cheer'ly.
Boosing here, snoring there, &c.

When the sky grows black, and the wind blows hard,
And landsmen sculk below, sir,
Jack mounts up to the topsail yard,
And turns his quid as he goes, sir.
Hauling here, bawling there, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
And the landsmen cry, All gone, sir,
The sailor hangs 'twixt the sea and sky,
And he jokes with Davy Jones, sir.
Dashing here, clashing there, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,
The landsmen hoist the boat, sir,
The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
While a single plank's afloat, sir,
Swearing here, tearing there, &c.

LOOSE EVERY SAIL TO THE BREEZE.

Roxburghe Ballads.

LOOSE every sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve,
I've done with the toils of the sea,
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My griefs I'll fling all to the wind,
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear—
What tropic bird swifter can move?
Who cruel, shall hold his career,
That returns to the nest of his love?

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
Let's drink while our ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that drives us along.

POOR BEN.

Mrs. Mazzinghi.

THREE happy years had Ben the sailor
Call'd his loving Nancy, wife,
As he was true, and she no railer,
Both escaped the squalls of strife;

Just from a cruise in haste returning,
Ben to love in transports flew,
But ev'ry joy was changed to mourning,
When he sigh'd the word, Adieu!

All hearts perturbed as the ocean,
Sigh for pledges left behind;
A sail in sight gives new emotion,
Glory fortifies the mind.
Each man of war the foe engages,
Cannonades invade the sky;
Now, now, the heat of battle rages,
Hark! the shouts of victory.

Swift with the news to England sailing,
Britain's genius join'd the strain;
But struck the notes of deep bewailing,
Songs of pity for the slain.
Poor Nancy, with her infants screaming,
Wander'd on the rocky shore;
She ask'd of all, if he were coming,
But her Ben was now no more.

Convulsive sobs each word suppressing,
Fix'd her in a wild despair;
A form so piteous and distressing
Craved a Briton's fost'ring care;
For charity, from heav'n descended,
Long has dwelt in Albion's isle,
The sad is sooth'd, the oppress'd befriended,
And want is giv'n fair plenty's smile.

STEADY SHE GOES, ALL'S WELL.

THE British tar no peril knows,
But fearless braves the angry deep;
The ship's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep;
He, though the raging surges swell,
In his hammock swings,
While the steersman sings,
Steady she goes, all's well.

While on the maintop yard he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks, but she no letter brings
From bonny Kate he loved so true;
Then sighs he for his native dell,
Yet to hope he clings
While the steersman sings,
Steady she goes, all's well.

The storm is past, the battle o'er,
Nature and man repose in peace;
Then homeward bound, on England's shore,
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease;
His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretell,
And his big heart springs,
While the steersman sings,
Steady she goes, all's well.

"WHISTLING DICK."—CRIMEAN SONG.

JOSEPH EDWARD CARPENTER.

"Bill," cries one fellow to another, "look out, here comes 'Whistling Dick!'"—*Vide Russell's Correspondence.*

NO fear we jolly sailors know,"
Says Bo's'n Bill to me,
"Ashore let's go, to drub the foe,
Since they won't come to we;
Let's lend the soger boys a hand,
To sink them foreign craft;
My eyes, if they to sea would stand,
We'd rake them fore and aft."

"Agreed," says I, ashore we went,
And then began the fun;
When British tars, on mischief bent,
First made the Rooshans run.
"Agreed," says I, ashore we went,
And then began the fun;
When British tars, on mischief bent,
First made the Rooshans run.

Secure beneath the fortress walls,
Their crews all idle lay,
Instead of looking out for squalls,
And earning of their pay.
We thought it sport as from each port,
The shells flew pretty thick;
"My eyes," says Bill, "look out, my boys,
For here comes Whistling Dick."

Each gave a duck, then took his luck,
Returning to his gun;
But bravely to our work we stuck,
And made the Rooshans run.
Each gave a duck, then took his luck,
Returning to his gun,
And bravely to our work we stuck,
And made the Rooshans run.

For many a day, in this here way,
We sailors fought ashore,
Their ships still skulking in the bay—
They'll never float in more;
Afraid our fleet e'en once to meet,
Those stupid Rooshan elves,
Without a shot sunk all the lot,
But two we struck ourselves.

Says Bill to me, "Why, we at sea
Had done it twice as quick,
But then the fun we could not see,
Of dodging Whistling Dick."
Says Bill to me, "Why, we at sea
Had done it twice as quick,
But then the fun we could not see,
Of dodging Whistling Dick."

BRITISH SAILORS HAVE A KNACK.

Naval Chronicle, Vol. XII. 1804.

BRITISH sailors have a knack,
Haul away! yo ho, boys!
Of pulling down a Frenchman's jack,
'Gainst any odds, you know, boys.

Come three to one, right sure am I,
If we can't beat them, still we'll try
To make old England's colours fly;
Haul away! yo ho, boys!

British sailors, when at sea,
Haul away! yo ho, boys!
Pipe all hands with merry glee,
While up aloft they go, boys!
And, when with pretty girls on shore
Their cash is gone, and not before,
They wisely go to sea for more;
Haul away! yo ho, boys!

British sailors love their king,
Haul away! yo ho, boys!
And round the bowl they love to sing,
And drink his health, you know, boys!
Then, while his standard owns a rag,
The world combined shall never brag
They made us strike the British flag;
Haul away! yo ho, boys!

LASH'D TO THE HELM.

North Country Ballads, Vol. II.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
In the midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,

My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide:
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thought of thee my bosom cheers.
The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious powers be kind,
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore,
No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

THE LUGGER.

LIST! list to the storm, see the dark frowning sky;
The breakers are foaming, the billows run high,
Hark! hark! now the minute gun booms o'er the wave,
'Tis a signal for help from the bold to the brave.

Bear a hand, my brisk lads! See! a sail through
the mist,
Standing up 'gainst a sea she can never resist;
The gale is o'erwhelming—her storm-beaten crew
Can ne'er keep her off—boys, there's now work for you.

Still wilder the blast, and the sea mountains high,
She strikes! my brave hearts, to our lugger we fly!
Heave-a-ho! we're afloat, trust your skipper's tried
skill,
His heart knows no danger, and yours fear no ill.
Pull away, pull away, o'er the breakers we ride,
Our arms full of strength, and our hearts full of pride!
Pull, pull, boys, together, she'll soon make the wreck,
And cheer every heart on that storm-stricken deck.

See, see, now her mainmast is gone by the board,
She rights—pull away, boys, our help quick afford!
Now, now, every hand, every heart do its best,
And Heaven shall be with us, our toil shall be blest.
Stand by, now, my hearts, heave a line from your bow,
Be cool, boys, be steady, we are well by you now.
Veer away, set the fore-sail, for shore now we run,
Hurrah! boys, we've saved them, and our duty is
done!

DUBLIN BAY.

HE sail'd away in a gallant bark,
Roy Neill and his fair young bride,
He had ventured all in that bounding ark,
That danced o'er the silv'ry tide.

But his heart was young, and his spirit light,
And he dash'd the tear away,
As he watch'd the shore recede from sight
Of his own sweet Dublin Bay.

They'd sail'd three days, when a storm arose,
And the lightning flash'd the deep;
The thunder-crash broke the soft repose
Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.
Roy Neill, he clasp'd his weeping bridé,
And he kiss'd her tears away—
"Oh, love! 'twas a fatal hour," she cried,
"When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of the doom'd ship,
Some stood in their mute despair;
And some more calm, with pious lip,
Sought the God of the storm in prayer.
"She's struck on the rocks!" the sailors cried,
In the breath of their wild dismay,
And the ship went down, and the fair young bride,
That sail'd from Dublin Bay.

SONG OF THE SEA-FIGHT IN "AMBOYNA."

DRYDEN.

WHO ever saw a noble sight,
That never view'd a brave sea-fight?
Hang up your bloody colours in the air,
Up with your fights and your nettings prepare,

Your merry mates cheer, with a lusty bold spright,
Now each man his brendice, and then to the fight,
St. George, St. George, we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.

Oh, now it begins and the gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with culverin and with small shot.
Hark! does it not thunder? No, 'tis the gun's roar,
The neighbouring billows are turn'd into gore,
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the cowards cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell,
And culverins the passing bell.

Now, now they grapple, and now board amain,
Blow up the hatches, they're off all again;
Give them a broadside, the dice run at all,
Down comes the mast and yard, and tacklings fall;
She grows giddy now, like blind fortune's wheel,
She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a sight,
As this, so brave, so bloody sea-fight?

COME IF YOU DARE.

From "King Arthur." DRYDEN.

COME, if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound;
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of
the thundering drum.

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again;
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.
Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run;
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

JACK ANCHOR.

EDWARD FARMER.

JACK ANCHOR was leaving to plough the salt wave,
Not a soul 'mong his messmates more gallant, more brave;
And he stepp'd in the boat as they pull'd from the shore,
To go where guns rattle, and loud cannons roar.
And he went with a smile, not a tear dimm'd his eye,
Though his Poll and his little ones were standing close by
"For my Queen," said bold Jack, "I will peril my life,
For I know they'll take care of my children and wife."

Once more, to his friends upon shore, waved his hand,
And departed to fight for his dear native land.

The vessel he sail'd in has vanish'd from sight,
He has gone in the cause of the injured to fight;
And 'tis ours while he's absent in danger's career,
To help and to comfort those Jack holds so dear,
Then from highest to lowest let each gen'rous heart,
In this good work before us take kindly a part.
Then up and be doing, the dark hour is come,
Our warriors are summon'd by trumpet and drum;
And while soldiers and sailors for us risk their lives,
Be it ours to take care of their children and wives.

HURRAH FOR ENGLAND!

OLD England is our home,
And Englishmen are we;
Our tongue is known in ev'ry clime,
Our flag in ev'ry sea.
We will not say that we alone
The right of freedom know,
There's many a land that's free beside,
But England made it so.
The thunder of her battle ships
Was heard on many a shore,
But her healing words of peace was heard
Above the cannon's roar.
Then let us shout for England,
The world-beloved England!
Let every true man shout with us,
Hurrah, hurrah, for England!

Mothers and wives of England,
Be to your birthright true;
The welfare of the peopled earth
Is given by God to you;
Ye bear no common sons!
The child who on your breast doth lie,
Though born within a peasant's shed,
Is meant for doings high.
And let each child of England
Rejoice that it has birth,
For who is born of English blood
Is powerful of the earth.
Then let us shout for England!
And the great, good hearts of England!
Let wives and children shout with us,
Hurrah, hurrah, for England!

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

FAR, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
Upon the deck we gather, young and old,
And view the flapping sail
Swelling out before the gale,
Full and round without a wrinkle or a fold.
Or watch the waves that glide,
By the vessel's stately side,
Or the wild sea-birds that follow through the air;
Or gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
We talk of pleasant days when we were young,
And remember, though we roam,
The sweet melodies of home,
The happy songs of childhood which we sung;
And though we quit her shore,
To return to it no more,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall bear,
That "Britons rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves"—
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,
The thought of it shall cheer us as we go,
And Scotland's sons shall join,
"In the days of auld lang syne,"
With voice by memory soften'd clear and low;
And the men of Erin's Isle,
Battling sorrow with a smile,
Shall sing "St. Patrick's Morning," void of care,
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on our way—
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

THE ALBION.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

THE Albion is a noble ship,
Her colours are true blue;
Her hull is royal heart of oak,
And heart of oak her crew;

Her rigging's tight for every tack,
Her plank without a starter;
The gallant Union is her jack,
Her sheathing Magna Charta.

How gallantly she bears her port,
The ocean's pride and dread;
The envied cap of liberty
Adorns her glorious head;
Her pride is commerce to increase,
In war she is no starter;
But may she anchor long in peace,
Secured by Magna Charta!

BEN BLOCK.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

BEN BLOCK was a vet'ran of naval renown,
And renown was his only reward;
For the Board still neglected his merits to crown,
As no int'rest he held with my lord.
Yet as brave as old Benbow was sturdy old Ben,
And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar,
When the death-dealing broadside made worm's-meat of men,
And the scuppers were streaming with gore.

Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke
The staunch tar to despise scanty grog;
For his biscuit he'd break, turn his quid, crack his joke,
And drown care in a jorum of grog.

Thus, year after year, in a subaltern state,
Poor Ben for his king fought and bled,
Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,
And the hair from his temples had fled.

When on humbly saluting, with sinciput bare,
A First Lord of the Admiralty once,
Quoth his lordship, "Lieutenant, you've lost all your hair,
Since I last had a peep at your sconce."
"Why, my lord," replied Ben, "it with truth may be said,
While a bald pate I long have stood under,
There have so many captains walk'd over my head,
That to see me quite scalp'd 'twere no wonder."

THE POST-CAPTAIN.

Music by SHIELD.

WHEN Steerwell heard me first impart
Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal, his youthful heart
Swell'd high for naval glory.
Resolved to gain a valiant name,
For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin-boy, on board the Fame,
He would hold on the jigger,
While ten jolly tars, with musical Joe,
Heave the anchor a-peak, singing, Yo, heave ho!

To hand top-gallant sail next he learn'd
With quickness, care, and spirit,

Whose gen'rous master then discern'd
And prized his dawning merit.
He taught him soon to reef and steer,
When storms convulsed the ocean,
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
Which mark'd him for promotion.
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command, hard-a-port, helm-a-lee!
Luff, boys, luff, keep her near,
Clear the buoy, make the pier.
None to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command, in the pool or at sea,
Hard a port, helm-a-lee!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
The foe he oft defeated,
And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,
Post-captain he is rated;
Who, should our injured country bleed,
Still bravely will defend her;
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
He'll prove his heart is tender;
Unawed, yet mild to high or low,
To poor or wealthy, friend or foe;
Wounded tars share his wealth;
All the fleet drink his health,
Prized be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to show
To a brave conquer'd foe.

TO MY MESSMATES AT SEA.

CROSS.

BRAVE Oakum, Mainbrace, honest Jack,
Mat Midships, too, was there,
Who'd the compass box, knew every tack,
Could hand well, reef, and steer;
The glasses jingled, mirth went round,
We troll'd a merry glee;
And while carousing on dry ground,
To our messmates drank at sea.

Sall Spriggins, who was there, d'ye mind,
And she was all my pride,
Said, while with tears her eyes were blind,
And we sat side by side,
"Dear Jack," said she, "my heart will break
When you are far from me."
"Lord, Sall," says I, "a noggin take
To our messmates out at sea."

A thousand other toasts we gave,
With mirth our cabins ring;
"May a Briton never be a slave!
The navy! George our king!"
At length (from toping I ne'er shrunk)
It somehow seem'd to me
I could see plainest when blind drunk,
To my messmates drink at sea.

Love of our isle my heart commands,
For Briton's fame I burn,
Where native freedom pipes all hands,
And steps from stem to stern;
From death or glory I'll ne'er shrink,
But douse life's colours free;
Yet while at anchor here I'll drink
To my messmates out at sea.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

DISTRESS me with those tears no more;
One kiss, my girl, and then adieu!
The last boat destined for the shore
Waits, dearest girl, alone for you.
Soon, soon, before the light winds borne,
Shall I be sever'd from your sight;
You left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep through many a stormy night.

While far along the restless deep,
In trim array the ship shall steer,
Your form remembrance still shall keep,
Your work affection still revere:
And with the distance from your eyes,
My love for you shall be increased;
As to the pole the needle flies,
And farthest off still varies least.

While round the bowl the jovial crew
Shall sing of triumphs on the main,

My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
Of you my love shall be the strain;
And when we've bow'd the treach'rous foe,
Vindictive of our country's wrong,
Returning home, my heart shall show
No fiction graced my artless song.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

BURNS.

MUSING on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion
For his weal where'er he be;
Hope and fear's alternate billow,
Yielding late to nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye, whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye, who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.
Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa'.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

RICHARD JOHNS.

THE sea was bright, and the bark rode well,
And the breeze bore the sound of the vesper bell;
'Twas a gallant bark, with a crew as brave
As e'er was launch'd on the surging wave;
She shone in the light of declining day,
And each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

She near'd the land wherein beauty smiles,
The sunny shore of the Grecian isles;
All thought of home, and that welcome dear,
That soon should greet each wand'rer's ear;
And in fancy join'd the social throng,
And the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud flies through the azure sky,
What means that wild despairing cry?
Farewell the vision'd scenes of home!
The cry is help where no help can come;
For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
And the bark is gulph'd in an ocean grave.

BEN BOLT.

OH, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown:
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner, obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh, don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill;
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide-spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill?
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around;
See the old rustic porch, with its roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd and mould'ring on the ground.

Oh, don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master, so kind and so true,
And the little nook, by the clear running-brook,
Where we gather'd the flowers as they grew?
On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
And the once purling brook is now dry;
Whilst of all the young throng who were schoolmates then,
There remains only you, Ben, and I.

THE MINUTE GUN.

R. S. SHARPE.

Duet by M. P. KING, *in* ARNOLD'S "*Up all night.*"

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast
The night-watch guards his weary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
The lifeboat man with gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But oh, what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd!
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell!
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on the shore,
The minute gun at sea.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

By Mrs. Hemans.

SON of the ocean isle, where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what stately pile is rear'd o'er Glory's bed;—
Stranger, go track the deep; free, free the white sail spread,
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sleep, where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains, by the pyramids o'er-sway'd,
With fearful power the noonday reigns, and the palm-tree yields no shade,
But let the angry sun from heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done; there slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deeps repose—'tis a dark and fearful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close to chain her with their power.
But let the ice drift on, let the cold blue desert spread,
Their course with mast and flag is done, there slumber England's dead!

The warlike of the isles! the men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles, the seas and
shores their grave?
Stranger, go track the deep; free, free the white
sail spread,
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep where rest
not England's dead!

THE BOY IN BLUE.

CHEER up, cheer up, my mother dear,
Oh, why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here
Forsakes me on the deep?
Let hope and faith illume the glance
That sees the bark set sail!
Look! look at her now, and see her dance:
Oh, why do you turn so pale?
'Tis an English ship and an English crew,
So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not that next to thee
I love the galloping wave,
'Tis the first of coursers wild and free,
And only carries the brave:
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand;
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar
Shames all your strife on land.
The storm was long, but it found me true,
So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last breath on his lip,
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up! methinks I heard
A voice in the anchor chain,
That whisper'd, like a fairy bird,
"The bark will come back again."
God bless you, mother: adieu! adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue.

THE SAILOR'S REQUEST.

CAPT. WILLIS JOHNSON, R.N.

THE fight was o'er, and strew'd around,
Lay many a seaman brave;
And those who nobly died had found,
A deep unfathom'd grave;
One lingering lived, who vainly strove
The manly tear to hide;
A prayer be breathed to heaven above,
For her, his promised bride.

'Twas poor Tom Ratline wounded lay,
His life-blood ebbing fast,
On her he loved, far, far away,
He felt he'd look'd his last.
"Shipmate," said he, "it is not dread
Of death which fills my eye;
'Tis mem'ry's dream of joys, though fled,
Which makes it sad to die.

"If our good prize should pay us well,
Which I've no doubt she'll do,
Take all my share, and hark ye, tell
The rhino out to Sue:
Dry her sweet eyes, salt tears they'll pour
At poor Tom's fate," he cried,
"Say my last thought"—he could no more,
But whispering "Susan," died.

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

CAPT. WILLIS JOHNSON, R.N.

OUR ship had struck soundings, and blithe were our tars,
As up channel for England she joyfully bore;
Though shatter'd her hull, we were proud of her scars,
And the riddled blue flag in the battle she wore.
Each heart was elate, e'en the wounded forgot
All their pangs as their home they drew near;
And the late sunken eye lighted up as the spot
(Though distant) was seen, which we left with a tear.

But where is the gallant, the brave, and the gay,
Whom we hoped to have saved from the fate of the slain?
Alas! he survived but to watch the last ray
Of the sun's setting beams on the Queen of the main.

His war-broken frame had with hope been sustain'd,
That the land he had bled for again he might see,
"Farewell, my loved country," he faintly exclaim'd,
Then bow'd with submission to Heaven's decree.

No ashes were strew'd o'er his watery grave,
We sounded no knell save the cannon's deep boom,
But his bier was bedew'd with the tears of the brave,
Ere we launch'd him below to his dark ocean tomb.
But rest, gallant spirit, though lonely thy bed;
Thy virtues in fondest remembrance we'll guard,
And when the sea's summon'd to render its dead,
Aloft thou wilt rise to receive thy reward.

THE BRAVE OLD TEMERAIRE.*

J. DUFF.

BEHOLD! how changed is yonder ship,
The wreck of former pride;
Methinks I see her as of old,
The glory of the tide!

* "The Temeraire was the second ship in Nelson's line at the battle of Trafalgar, and having little provisions or water, she was what sailors call 'flying light,' so as to be able to keep pace with the fast-sailing 'Victory.' When the latter drew upon herself all the enemy's fire, the Temeraire tried to pass her, to take it in her stead, but Nelson himself hailed her to keep astern. The Temeraire cut away her studding-sails and held back, receiving the enemy's fire into her bows without returning a shot. Two hours later she came out with an enemy's seventy-four ship on either side of her, both her prizes, one lashed to her mainmast, and the other to her anchor."—RUSKIN'S *Notes on the Turner Gallery.*

As when she came to Nelson's aid
The battle's brunt to bear,
And nobly sought to lead the van,
The brave old Temeraire.

When sailors speak of Trafalgar,
So famed for Nelson's fight,
With pride they tell of her career,
Her onward course, her might;
How, when the victory was won,
She shone triumphant there,
With noble prize on either side,
The brave old Temeraire.

Our friends depart, and are forgot
As time rolls fleetly by;
In after years none, none are left
For them to heave a sigh;
But hist'ry's page will ever mark
The glories she did share,
And gild the sunset of her fate,
The brave old Temeraire.

OH! FIRM AS OAK.

Music by BISHOP.

OH! firm as oak, and free from care,
The sailor holds his heart at sea,
If she he loves his cabin share,
And Cupid page to Neptune be.
Come night's deep noon, and ne'er a moon,
Nor star aloft a watch to keep,
The tar can be gay as landsmen in day,
With a cheering glass, and a smiling lass.
While boon the wind blows,
And smooth the tide flows,
And the ship steady goes,
Still steady, steady, steady,
Through the boundless deep.

When wintry gales blow bleak alarms,
In turn he mounts the chilly deck;
But watch relieved, his Susan's charms
All thoughts but those of pleasure check.
Come night's deep noon, and ne'er a moon,
Nor star aloft a watch to keep,
The tar can be gay as landsmen in day,
With a cheering glass, and a smiling lass.
While boon the wind blows,
And smooth the tide flows,
And the ship steady goes,
Still steady, steady, steady,
Through the boundless deep.

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Music by KNIGHT.

ROCK'D in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lay
And gaze upon the trackless way—
The star-bespangled heav'nly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll—
I feel thy wond'rous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave;
And, rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still was mine,
Though storm-winds swept across the brine,
Or though the tempest's furious breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean cave still safe with thee
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

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